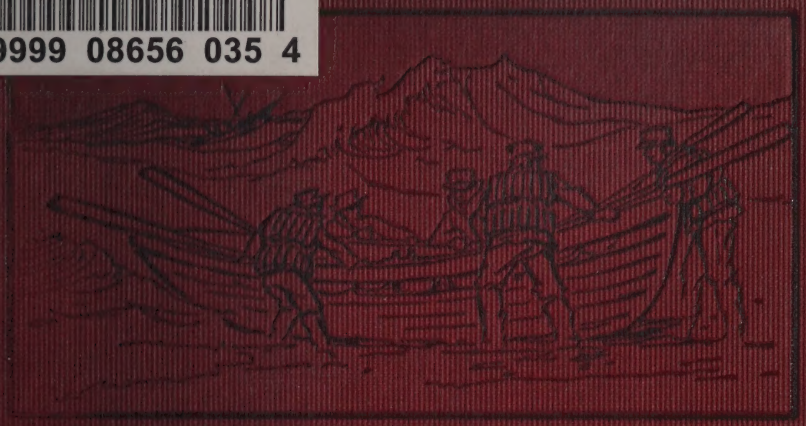
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 9999 08656 035 4



HEROES OF EVERYDAY LIFE

FANNY E. COE

a No. 7599.363

THE TRVSTEES OF THE PVBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON
LVX
OMNIVM
CIVIVM
1852 : 1878

GIVEN BY
Ginn & Co.

PATROLLING THE SHORE

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

HEROES OF EVERYDAY LIFE

A READER FOR THE UPPER GRADES

BY

FANNY E. COE

AUTHOR OF "MODERN EUROPE," "OUR AMERICAN NEIGHBORS," "THE FIRST BOOK OF STORIES FOR THE STORY TELLER," ETC.

GINN AND COMPANY

BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LONDON

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY FANNY E. COE
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

412.1

Ginn & Company
Apr. 12. 1912

WASHINGTON
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

Y 572 L

The Athenæum Press
GINN AND COMPANY · PROPRIETORS · BOSTON · U.S.A.

PREFACE

Professor William James has said, "Man is, once for all, a fighting animal; centuries of peaceful history could not breed the battle instinct out of us and military virtue is the kind of virtue least in need of reënforcement by reflection, least in need of orator's or poet's help." A rarer quality than military valor in the citizens of our own land or of any land is that form of moral bravery known as civic courage. To deflect the battle instinct in the youth towards the fields of social service would be to contribute strength and hope to the nation.

It has been asserted that reverence for heroism has, of late years, been on the wane. Whether or no this be true, one way to foster the noble emotion is the reading and re-reading of acts of self-devotion. The lad says to himself, "What this man did, I can do." The thought is "a constant call to self-respect."

With the purpose of presenting such stimulating incidents from the lives, not of statesmen nor of generals, but of workingmen of a type which the boy or girl may pass any day in the streets, the compiler has brought together the material for this book. Here are chronicles of men in the everyday

walks of life, unlike their fellows only in having Duty writ large in their souls. These men became heroes in the midst of the pursuit of their everyday calling.

Invariably they disclaim that they did more than their duty. Nevertheless we onlookers may well feel that he who raises his duty to such magnificent heights may well be brevetted hero.

In the mine or city trench, at the telegraph wire, fully as often as upon the battle field, comes the sudden test that tries a man's soul and marks him hero or brands him coward to his dying day. Those who come forth as pure gold may well be called heroes of civilization, or heroes of democracy.

In the near future "moral character and social service, rather than power and show, will be what men and states will elect to honor." They will then realize "that the faithful councilman and faithful voter, the teacher and the preacher, the historian and the poet, the farmer at his plow and the woodsman on the frontier, Jane Addams at Hull House, and Colonel Waring with his broom, saving ten thousand lives by making New York clean, . . . are 'patriots' in higher spheres and with higher tools than the man with the gun."

The grateful thanks of the compiler are due to the Treasury Department at Washington for material drawn from reports of the Life-Saving Service; to the Century Company for permitting the use of

extracts from articles by Jacob Riis and Gustav Kobbé; to *McClure's Magazine* for selections by Lawrence Perry, Edith Wyatt, and Ray Stannard Baker; to *Everybody's Magazine* for selections by A. W. Rolker, and by A. W. Rolker in collaboration with Day Allen Willey; to the American Unitarian Association for a selection by F. Hopkinson Smith; to Houghton Mifflin Company for a poem by Bret Harte; to the Whitman executors for a poem by Walt Whitman; and to the Toledo *Blade* for an anonymous selection.

FANNY E. COE

CONTENTS

		PAGE
THE DIVER	*F. Hopkinson Smith*	1
THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR	*A. W. Rolker*	26
THE CIVIL ENGINEER	*A. W. Rolker and Day Allen Willey*	40
THE DAY LABORER	*Gustav Kobbé, Bret Harte*	62
THE LIFE-SAVER	*United States Life-Saving Reports*	74
THE FIREMAN	*Jacob A. Riis, Walt Whitman*	104
THE ENGINEER AT SEA	*Gustav Kobbé*, Toledo *Blade, Lawrence Perry*	125
THE MINER	*Gustav Kobbé, Ray Stannard Baker, Edith Wyatt*	143

HEROES OF EVERYDAY LIFE

CAPTAIN THOMAS A. SCOTT: MASTER DIVER[1]

ONE WHO WAS NOT AFRAID AND WHO SPOKE THE TRUTH

Some sixty years ago there sailed out of a harbor on the Chesapeake, near the town of Snow Hill, Maryland, a craft carrying eight cords of wood — all on deck. She was what was known as a "bay pungey," drawing but four feet of water, with a mast forward and a boom swinging loose. Aft of the stump of a bowsprit was a fo'castle the size of a dry-goods box, in which slept the captain and the crew.

The captain was Tommy Scott, a lad of fifteen — strong, well built, and springy — with the look in his face of one who was not afraid and who spoke the truth; the crew was a negro boy of twelve. These two supplied the neighboring towns with wood in exchange for oysters and clams.

[1] Reprinted from "Captain Thomas A. Scott: Master Diver," by F. Hopkinson Smith, through the courtesy of the publishers, the American Unitarian Association.

Some years later a straight, clear-eyed young fellow, with a chest of iron, arms like cant hooks, and thighs lashed with whipcord and steel, shipped as common sailor aboard the schooner *John Willetts* — Captain Wever, master. He was seven years older than when he commanded the pungey, but the look on his face was still the same — the look of a man who was not afraid and who spoke the truth.

Three years later (1855 now) another vessel loomed into view. This was the schooner *Thomas Nelson*, Captain Thomas A. Scott, master and part owner, loaded to the scuppers with a cargo of staves bound for Barbados. She carried but one passenger — a slender Maryland girl with a wedding ring on her finger, which the captain himself had placed there three weeks before. The voyage took eighteen days, the sea being smooth and the wind kindly — so kindly that the slender girl sometimes held the tiller. On the voyage back a gale from the northwest swept the deck and split the foresail into ribbons. On the tenth day the navigator and half the crew were taken down with fever, the navigator dying as he reached port. Again the slender girl held the tiller, standing beside the man who was not afraid — this time with her heart in her mouth.

Forty-eight hours the two stood on deck, taking turns at the pumps and tiller. On the twenty-fifth day they sighted the Capes, and the next morning

dropped anchor in the Roanoke. Many a storm have these two ridden out together since that blind rush from the Barbados — storms of poverty, of death, of sorrow; many a bright morning, too, and welcoming harbor have gladdened their eyes; but there were always four hands on the tiller, two big and strong, and two warm and helping.

Thomas Scott was just a plain American sailorman, born of industrious, honest people — his only capital his courage, his clear head, his willingness to tackle any job that came his way, and his mastery of details.

My own acquaintance with him was one of the greatest blessings that ever came into my life. This is easily understood when my own unfitness for a task of the magnitude I had contracted to do is considered. I was young, inexperienced, with little money, and with practically no plant for a work of the kind. The problem was the building of a lighthouse exposed to the full rake of the Atlantic, situated eight miles from a harbor, two miles from any shore, and in a race that ran six miles an hour — my first work of any magnitude. The success of work of this kind does not always depend on the skill of the engineer, but upon the nerve, pluck, and loyalty of the men who handle the material. Experience in any branch, such as diving, handling and

erecting derricks, is really less important than the willingness to get wet and stay wet, hours at a time; to endanger one's life almost daily without caring for, or knowing, the risk; to go hungry when shut off from supplies by rough weather, during which no landing can be made; to sleep in a water cask for three days, lashed to the derricks, because every other movable thing — shanty and all — has been swept away by a southeaster (and this was one of our experiences). To do this cheerfully, patiently, and continuously, year after year, battling with the sea as an enemy, only looking forward to victory, is what crowns any submarine work with success.

More difficult still is the finding of a man to lead and command such men.

One morning, in answer to my advertisement, a forceful, straightforward man, strong as a bull, clear-eyed, honest-looking, competent, and fearless, walked into my office a stranger, and thirty minutes later walked out again as foreman of construction. He was about forty-two years of age at the time, in the prime of his manhood, and at the beginning of an experience now so widely known. References, usually considered necessary in a first interview, and generally confirmed by subsequent inquiries or written recommendations, did not enter into the negotiations between us. No man or child could look Captain Thomas A. Scott in the face without instantly

believing in him, and no act of his in after life would shake that belief.

In the building of the Light it was not only his indomitable courage that constantly showed itself. The human side of the man — the woman side of him — was even more lovable. Lovable is the word. You admire some men, you respect and fear others. Scott you loved.

What I am about to relate is not fiction. I stood by and saw it all — it is true, word for word. There are half a dozen men yet alive who held their breath, as I did, in fear. They have never forgotten what they saw — and they never will forget.

The weather had puzzled some of us since sunrise; little lumpy clouds showed near the horizon line, and sailing above these was a dirty spot of vapor, while aloft glowed some prismatic sun dogs, shimmering like opals. Etched against the distance lay a sloop loaded with stone for the Light — her sails furled, her boom swinging loose and ready, the smoke from her hoister curling from the end of her smoke pipe, thrust up out of the forward hatch. She was fastened with a tether line to a safety buoy, anchored within a few hundred yards of the Rock.

Below us on the concrete platform rested our big air pump, and beside it stood Captain Scott. He was in his diving dress, and at the moment was adjusting the breastplates of lead, weighing twenty-five pounds

each, to his chest and back. His leaden shoes were already on his feet. With the exception of his copper helmet, the signal line around his wrist, and the life line about his waist, he was ready to go below.

This means that pretty soon he would don his helmet, and, with a last word to his tender, tuck his chin whisker inside the opening, wait until the faceplate was screwed on, and then, with a nod behind the glass, denoting that the air was coming all right, would step down his rude ladder into the sea, to his place among the crabs and seaweed.

Suddenly I became conscious of a conversation carried on in a low tone around the corner of the shanty.

"Old Moonface (Baxter, the captain of the sloop) 'll have to get up and get in a minute," said a derrick man to a shoveler—born sailors these; "there 'll be a hot time round here 'fore night."

"Well, there 's no wind."

"No wind? See that bobble waltzing in?" Seaward ran a ragged line of silver, edging the horizon toward Montauk.

"Does look soapy," answered the shoveler. "Wonder if the cap'n sees it."

The captain had seen it — fifteen minutes before anybody else — had been watching it to the exclusion of any other object. That was why he had n't screwed on his faceplate. He knew the sea — knew

every move of the merciless, cunning beast. The game here would be to lift the sloop on the back of a smooth under-roller, and with a mighty lunge hurl her like a battering-ram against the shore rocks, shattering her timbers into kindling wood. And this would mean not only the drowning of some of her crew, but hopeless poverty for the old man and his wife who owned the sloop.

The captain called to one of his men — another shoveler: "Billy, go down to the edge of the stone pile and holler to the sloop to cast off and make for home. And say" — this to the pump-tender — "unhook this breastplate; there'll be no divin' to-day. I've been mistrustin' the wind would haul ever since I got up this mornin'."

The shoveler sprang from the platform and began clambering over the slippery, slimy rocks like a crab, his red shirt marked with the white X of his suspenders in relief against the blue water. When he reached the outermost edge of the stone pile, where the ten-ton blocks lay, he made a megaphone of his fingers and repeated the captain's orders to the sloop.

Baxter listened with his hands cupped to his ears.

"Who says so?" came back the reply.

"Cap'n Scott."

"What fur?"

"Goin' to blow; don't ye see it?"

Baxter stepped gingerly along the sloop's rail; when he reached the foot of the bowsprit, this answer came over the water: "Let her blow! This sloop's chartered to deliver this stone. We've got steam up, and the stuff's goin' over the side; get your divers ready. I'm shovin' no baby carriage, and don't you forget it. I'm comin' on! Cast off that buoy line, you—" this to one of his men.

Captain Scott continued stripping off his leaden breastplate. He had heard his order repeated and knew that it had been given correctly, and the subsequent proceedings did not interest him. If Baxter had anything to say in answer, it was of no moment to him. His word was law on the Ledge; first, because the men daily trusted their lives to his guidance, and second, because they all loved him with a love hard for a landsman to understand, especially to-day, when the boss and the gang never, by any possibility, pull together.

"Baxter says he's comin' on, sir," said the shoveler when he reached the captain's side, the grin on his sunburned face widening until its two ends hooked over his ears. The shoveler had heard nothing so funny for weeks.

"Comin' on?"

"That's what he hollered. Wants you to get ready to take his stuff, sir."

I was out of the shanty now. I came in two

jumps. With that squall whirling in from the eastward and the tide making flood, any man who would leave the protection of the spar buoy for the purpose of unloading was fit for a lunatic asylum.

The captain had straightened up and was screening his eyes with his hand when I reached his side, his gaze riveted on the sloop, which had now hauled in her tether line and was drifting clear of the buoy. He was still incredulous.

"No — he won't come. Baxter's all right — he'll port his helm in a minute — but he'd better send up his jib" — and he swept his eye around — "and that quick too."

At this instant the sloop wavered and lurched heavily. The outer edge of the in-suck had caught her bow.

Minds work quickly in times of great danger — minds like Captain Scott's. In a flash he had taken in the fast-approaching roller, froth-capped by the sudden squall, the surging vessel, and the scared face of Baxter, who, having now realized his mistake, was clutching wildly at the tiller and shouting orders to his men, none of which could be carried out. The captain knew what would happen — what had happened before, and what would happen again with fools like Baxter — now — in a minute — before he could reach the edge of the stone pile, hampered as he was in a rubber suit that bound his arms and

tied his great legs together. And he understood the sea's game, and knew that the only way to outwit it would be to use the beast's own tactics. When it gathered itself for the thrust and started in to hurl the doomed vessel the full length of its mighty arms, the sloop's safety lay in widening the space. A cushion of backwater would then receive the sloop's forefoot, in place of the snarling teeth of the low, crunching rocks.

He had kicked off both leaden-soled shoes now and was shouting out directions to Baxter, who was slowly and surely being sucked into the swirl.

"Up with your jib! No, *no*! — let that mainsail alone! Up! Do you want her on the stone pile, you — Port your helm! PORT!! LOOK AT HIM!!"

Captain Scott had slid from the platform now and was flopping his great body over the slimy, slippery rocks like a seal, falling into water holes every other step, crawling out on his belly, rolling from one slanting stone to another, shouting to his men every time he had the breath: "Man that yawl and run a line as quick as lightnin' out to the buoy! Do ye hear? She'll be on top of us in a minute, and the mast out of her! QUICK!!"

The shoveler sprang for a coil of rope. The others threw themselves after him, while half a dozen men working round the small eddy in the lee of the diminutive island caught up the oars to man the yawl.

All this time the sloop, under the uplift of the first big Montauk roller — the skirmish line of the attack — surged, bow on, to destruction. Baxter, although shaking with fear, had sense enough left to keep her nose pointed to the stone pile. The mast might come out of her, but that was better than being gashed amidships and sunk in thirty feet of water.

The captain, his rubber suit glistening like a tumbling porpoise, his hair matted to his head, had now reached the outermost rock opposite the doomed craft, and stood near enough to catch every expression that crossed the face of Baxter, who, white as chalk, was holding the tiller with all his strength, cap off, his blowsy hair flying in the increasing gale, his mouth tight shut. No orders now would have done any good. Go ashore she must, and nothing could help her. It would be every man for himself then; no help would come. Captain Scott and his men would run for shelter as soon as the blow fell, and leave them to their fate. Peanut men like Baxter are built to think that way.

All these minutes — seconds, really — the captain stood bending forward, watching where the sloop would strike, his hands outstretched in the attitude of a ball player awaiting a ball. If her nose should hit on the sharp, square edges of one of the ten-ton blocks, God help her! She would split wide open,

like a gourd. If by any chance her forefoot should be thrust into one of the many gaps between the enrockment blocks — spaces from two to three feet wide — and her bow timbers should thus take the shock, there was a living chance to save her.

A cry from Baxter, who had dropped the tiller and was scrambling over the stone-covered deck to the bowsprit, now reached the captain's ears, but he never altered his position. What he was to do must be done surely. Baxter did n't count — was n't in the back of his head; there were plenty of willing hands to pick Baxter and his men out of the suds.

Then a thing happened which, if I had not seen it, I would never have believed possible. The water cushion of the out-suck helped; so did the huge roller, which, in its blind rage, had underestimated the distance between its lift and the wide-open jaws of the rock — as a maddened bull often underestimates the length of its thrust, its horns falling short of the matador.

Whatever the cause, Captain Scott saw his chance, sprang to the outermost rock, and bracing his great snubbing posts of legs against its edge, reversed his body, caught the wavering sloop on his broad shoulders, close under her bowsprit chains, and pushed with all his might.

Now began a struggle between the strength of the man and the lunge of the sea. With every

succeeding onslaught, and before the savage roller could fully lift the staggering craft to hurl her to destruction, Captain Tom, with the help of the out-suck, would shove her back from the waiting rocks. This was repeated again and again — the men in the rescuing yawl meanwhile bending every muscle to carry out the captain's commands. Sometimes his head was free enough to shout his orders, and sometimes both man and bow were smothered in suds.

"Keep that fall clear!" would come the order. "Stand ready to catch the yawl! Shut that —" here a souse would stop his breath. "Shut that furnace door!" — etc.

That the slightest misstep on the slimy rocks on which his feet were braced meant sending him under the sloop's bow, where he would be caught between her forefoot and the rocks and be ground to pulp, concerned him as little as did the fact that Baxter and his men had crawled along the bowsprit over his head, and dropped to the island without wetting their shoes, or that his diving suit was full of water and he soaked to the skin. Little things like these made no more difference to him than they would have done to a Newfoundland dog saving a child. His thoughts were on other things — on the rescuing yawl speeding toward the spar buoy; on two of his men, who, seeing Baxter's cowardly desertion,

had sprung like cats at the bowsprit of the sloop in one of her dives, and were then on the stern, ready to pay out a line to the yawl.

A hawser now ripped suddenly from out the crest of a roller. The two men on the sloop, despite the increasing gale, had succeeded in paying out a stern line to the men in the yawl, who in turn had slipped it through the snatch block fastened in the spar buoy, and had then connected it with the line they had brought with them from the island, its far end being around the drum of our hoister.

A shrill cry now came from one of the crew in the yawl alongside the spar buoy, followed by the clear, ringing order — "*Go ahead!*"

A burst of feathery steam plumed skyward, and then the slow chuggity-chug of the shore-drum cogs rose in the air. The stern line straightened until it was as rigid as a bar of iron — sagged for an instant under the slump of the staggering sloop, straightened, and then slowly, foot by foot, the sloop, held by the stern line, crept back to safety.

And this to save a friend and his old wife from loss and poverty!

This love for his fellow men and willingness to risk his life for their safety was not confined to Captain Scott's experience on the Rock. He never referred to any of these deeds thereafter; never

believed, really, that he had done anything out of the ordinary. I myself had been with him for two years before I learned of the particular act of heroism that I am now about to relate — and only then from one of his men — an act that was the talk of the country for days.

One morning in January, when the ice in the Hudson River ran unusually heavy, a Hoboken ferry-boat slowly crunched her way through the floating floes, until the thickness of the pack choked her paddles in mid-river. It was an early morning trip, and the decks were crowded with laboring men and the driveways choked with teams; the women and children standing inside the cabins were a solid mass up to the swinging doors. While she was gathering strength for a further effort, an ocean tug sheered to avoid her, veered a point, and crashed into her side, cutting her below the water line in a great V-shaped gash. The next instant a shriek went up from hundreds of throats. Women, with blanched faces, caught terror-stricken children in their arms, while men, crazed with fear, scaled the rails and upper decks to escape the plunging of the overthrown horses. A moment more, and the disabled boat careened from the shock and fell over on her beam, helpless. Into the V-shaped gash the water poured a torrent. It seemed but a question of minutes before she would lunge headlong below the ice.

Within two hundred yards of both boats, and free of the heaviest ice, steamed the wrecking tug *Reliance* of the Offshore Wrecking Company, making her way cautiously up the New Jersey shore to coal at Weehauken. On her deck forward, sighting the heavy cakes, and calling out cautionary orders to the mate in the pilot house, stood Captain Scott. When the ocean tug reversed her engines after the collision and backed clear of the shattered wheelhouse of the ferryboat, he sprang forward, stooped down, ran his eye along the water line, noted in a flash every shattered plank, climbed into the pilot house of his own boat, and before the astonished pilot could catch his breath, pushed the nose of the *Reliance* along the rail of the ferryboat and dropped upon the latter's deck like a cat.

If he had fallen from a passing cloud, the effect could not have been more startling. Men crowded about him and caught his hands; women sank on their knees and hugged their children; and a sudden peace and stillness possessed every soul on board. Tearing a life-preserver from the man nearest him and throwing it overboard, he backed the coward ahead of him through the swaying mob, ordering the people to stand clear, and forcing the whole mass to the starboard side. The increased weight gradually righted the stricken boat until she regained a nearly even keel.

With a threat to throw overboard any man who stirred, he dropped into the engine room, met the engineer half-way up the ladder, compelled him to return, dragged the mattresses from the crew's bunks, stripped off blankets, snatched up clothes, overalls, cotton waste, and rags of carpet, cramming them into the great rent left by the tug's cutwater, until the space of each broken plank was replaced, except one. Through and over this space the water still combed, deluging the floors and swashing down between the gratings into the hold.

"Another mattress!" he cried. "Quick! All gone? A blanket, then — carpet — anything! Five minutes more and she'll right herself. Quick, for God's sake!"

It was useless. Everything, even to the oil rags, had been used.

"Your coat, then. Think of the babies, man! Do you hear them?"

Coats and vests were off in an instant; the engineer on his knees bracing the shattered planking, Captain Scott forcing the garments into the splintered openings.

It was useless. Little by little the water gained, bursting out first below, then on one side, only to be calked out again, and only to rush in once more.

Captain Scott stood a moment as if undecided, ran his eye searchingly over the engine room, saw that

for his needs it was empty, then deliberately tore down the top wall of calking he had so carefully built up, and, before the engineer could protest, forced his own body into the gap, with his arm outside, level with the drifting ice.

An hour later, the disabled ferryboat, with every soul on board, was towed into the Hoboken slip.

When they lifted the captain from the wreck, he was unconscious and barely alive. The water had frozen his blood, and the floating ice had torn the flesh from his protruding arm from shoulder to wrist. When the color began to creep back to his cheeks, he opened his eyes and said to the doctor who was winding the bandages, "Wuz any of them babies hurt?"

A month passed before he regained his strength, and another week before the arm had healed so that he could get his coat on.

Bit by bit I had wrung this story from him. Another hour of corkscrewing made him remember the log of the *Reliance* locked up in an old trunk in the garret. When the well-thumbed book was found, he perched his glasses on his nose, and began turning the leaves with his rough tholepin of a finger, stopping at every page to remoisten it, and adding a running commentary upon the long-forgotten records.

"Yes, here it is," he said at last. "Knowed I

had n't forgotten it. You can read it yourself; my eyes ain't so good as they wuz."

It read as follows: "January 30. Left Jersey City 7 A.M. Ice running heavy. Captain Scott stopped leak in ferryboat."

The ending of the work on Race Rock found Captain Scott about fifty years of age, but still strong, muscular, and with an experience in submarine work second to that of no man on our coast. Soon the docks in front of his home on Pequot Avenue, New London, began to be enlarged; sheds were built; new tugs bought and equipped; dredging machines constructed; and heavy scows, barges, and lighters, carrying cargoes of two hundred tons or more, were equipped with the best modern machinery. He was ready now for any heavy work, no matter how large the steamer, how dangerous her position, or how serious the problem of refloating her. The telephone was within reach of his bedside, and no matter what the hour or how hard the gale was blowing he was out, at call, and aboard his fastest tug, often with a quart of raw oil dashed into the furnace and everything wide open.

Hardly a day or a night was the crew idle. Sometimes a diversion in the customary work of recovering sunken property would occur. It was a locomotive on one occasion; she had attempted to

cross a trestle and had toppled over in thirty feet of water, bottomed by mud.

"Get her up?" said Captain Scott. "Certainly; where 'll I put her?"

"Back on the rails," said the manager, with a laugh at the impossibility of the task.

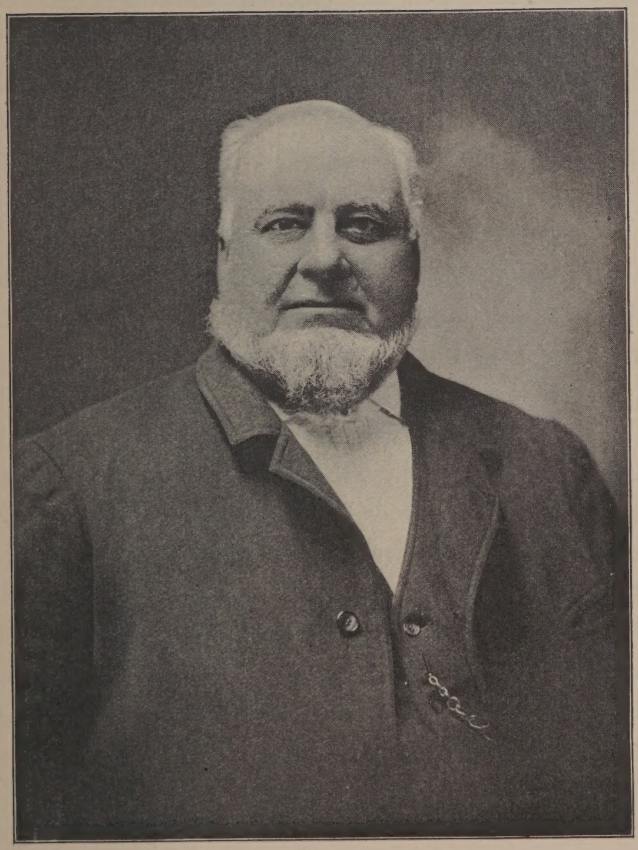
"All right; she 'll be there in the mornin'" — and she was.

It was but the work of half a day for Captain Scott to rig up a pair of sheer poles, drop beside her in his diving dress, pass some heavy chains under the boiler and between her axles, hook a block into a ring, take a turn on a hoisting engine aboard his wrecking tug, open a steam cylinder — and up she came. To lower her gently to the rails and wash her clean of the mud with a nozzle attached to the hose of his steam pump was the last service.

"There," he said, when she was scrubbed clean, "now fire her up and pull her out; she 's in my way."

These instances, as I have said, could be multiplied indefinitely. Enough, however, has been told to show the fundamental incentive of his character — his determination to do his work right, so right that no man need ever perfect it after him. His superb constitution helped, but his indomitable will helped more.

He never drank nor smoked, and he had neither



Captain Thomas A. Scott

time nor desire to play cards. He would go for forty-eight hours in wet clothes, and think nothing of sleeping in them. He absolutely did not know what fear was for himself, yet he feared for his men. He would never send a man where he would not go himself, yet he 'd go where he would n't send the men. The result was that they obeyed him implicitly. If he said, "Don't go!" they did n't. If he said, "Go!" they went, though it might be to apparent death. They trusted his judgment in the face of everything; and they were never deceived. When a piece of work involved an extrahazardous risk he would say: "No, that 's no place for you. I 'll go."

And the harder the job, and the more hopeless it seemed, the more cheerily he rose to the emergency, taking full command and invariably doing the critical part himself. When mounting our system of derricks for Race Rock, the crucial cable was the outboard stay for the fourth derrick mast. At the end of the stay was a hook, and this hook had to be slipped into a ring that was made fast to a great block of stone out in the surf. When it came time to windlass the last mast into position and adjust this hook, of course somebody had to go into the surf to do it. The sea was rising fast under a southeast wind, which always kicks up trouble at Race Rock, and it demanded a man of great strength. So, of course, the captain went himself. Up to his waist in boiling surf, buried

under the incoming rollers, he hung on to that hook like grim death, shouting between mouthfuls of salt water to the men on the rocks, and in spite of every effort of wind and tide to thwart us, he got the hook into the ring and completed the derrick system that made possible the building of the Race Rock Light.

In fact, just here lay his unique value. Whenever a problem confronted us — one that the engineers in their offices could not solve, a problem where theories and precedent counted for nothing and the only solution lay in the workman himself — the captain was the man who rose to the emergency. For he could, in any situation, unite his great strength and manual skill to his keen wits and inventive genius. Engineering feats that would have been given up as hopeless he made possible by combining his brain with his muscle. He thought like lightning, too. Time and again I have seen him rescue his men when it did n't seem possible that they could be saved. And the smallest job received just as much attention and disinterested devotion from him as the largest; nothing was ever shirked.

During the later years of his life, when he had grown too stout to be in daily active service (he weighed over three hundred pounds a few months before he died), the pent-up energy of the man seemed to find its outlet in the help he gave others. His

charity was so extensive, and he was so much beloved by every one, that at his funeral there were six hundred people gathered in and about the house. Until the very day of his death he was busy distributing bounties, sending children to school, looking after poor families up and down the coast. One of the New London papers remarked that it was hard to see how New London was going to live without Captain Scott. Only three days before his death he ordered a ton of coal sent to a woman who scrubbed the floors of his house, and nearly his last act was to call up the coal dealer on the telephone and upbraid him for delivering a cheaper grade than he had ordered, demanding that he take it out of the bin and substitute the better.

On the night of February 17, 1907, when he had reached his seventy-seventh year, the end came in the fine new home he had built next his old cottage. Only a short time before, he had taken that same slender hand in his — the one that had helped hold the tiller on their wedding journey — and the two had crossed the intervening lawn together. All the sons and daughters and grandchildren were awaiting them in the spacious hall and adjoining rooms.

When the two dear old people entered the house, Captain Scott turned to his wife and said in that vibrant voice of his which all who loved him knew so well: "This is all yours, Mrs. Scott. I guess our

troubles are all over now." And he dropped into a chair and cried like a child.

Summing him up in the thirty-five years I knew and loved him: he has always been, and will always be, to those who had his confidence, one of nature's noblemen. Brave, modest, capable, and tender-hearted. The record of his life, imperfectly as I have given it, must be of value to his fellow countrymen. Nor can I think of any higher tribute to pay him than to repeat the refrain with which these pages were opened: "One who was not afraid and who spoke the truth!"

F. Hopkinson Smith

THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR

It is an unwritten law in the telegraph service that in time of peril no man may desert his post, any more than a captain may desert his ship or an engineer leap from his locomotive before it is needless suicide to remain.

No record of the men who sacrificed their lives in behalf of the service is kept either by the Postal Telegraph or the Western Union Telegraph Company, but veterans tell many a splendid story of the telegrapher's devotion to duty.

Among the most striking instances was that of Lee Fairchild, night telegraph operator in a signal tower on a single-track railroad running through Weldon, North Carolina. He had let a northbound berry train into his block, and while it was burning up the rails at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, he was horrified to see a southbound excursion train, laden with four hundred men, women, and children, whiz by the signal he had set against it 250 yards up the track.

One chance in a thousand Fairchild saw to prevent head-on collision and frightful slaughter — and he took it. As the locomotive of the excursion train

roared by, he stood for an instant on the sill of the window in the tower, then he dived flat, six feet forward and downward, landing on hands and knees upon the roof of a passenger car. The impetus of the train was so enormous that it slid from under him almost the length of the car, and the impact all but snapped his back in two; but he clutched blindly, fetching up against a ventilator, and there he lay for some seconds, hardly able to stir hand or foot, the breath knocked out of him. Within three feet was the bell rope, but he could not reach it by a foot, and to try to squeeze down between the ends of the cars would have meant being cut in two by the roof edges.

One thing only was left. With the last strength in him he crawled over the roof of the car to the engine, leaped onto the coal in the swaying tender, and scrambled forward to the engineer in the cab. With blood gushing from his scalp wounds, he threw himself upon the engineer from behind.

"Stop! stop! For God's sake, back up!" he shouted above the racket. Not a second was to spare. Down went brakes, and the fireman ran ahead with a torch to check the on-coming freighter, while the engineer of the excursion train backed frantically, and on the floor of the cab lay the senseless form of the man who had saved a trainload of human beings from hideous death.

Incidents of heroism like that of Fairchild seldom become known to the public, for the policy of railroads is not to let passengers know when they have had a narrow escape. The hero who gets through with his life must keep his mouth closed, else he finds himself tramping the ties in search of another job. Even the one who dies in performing a brave act may not be honored.

One of these was Frank Shaley. Three years ago as the Overland Limited dashed through the night, in the Bad Lands forty-five miles west of Cheyenne, Wyoming, a rail broke in two and came up through the bottom of the baggage car. In an instant the train of nine cars was piled thirty feet high, while about and beneath the wreckage were more than one hundred and fifty dead or injured human beings. A frightful sleet storm with biting cold was raging, and to this the hurt and dying lay exposed.

The locomotive was wrecked so that it was impossible to cut loose and race ahead to the nearest settlement with word of the disaster, and it seemed as if nothing could be done to save the sufferers except to flag the next train, due in five hours, when, from under the wreck, on hands and knee stumps, came an apparition leaving a red trail behind. It proved to be Frank Shaley, a telegraph lineman who had been sent up the road to locate a wire trouble and who, with his satchel of instruments strapped

across a shoulder, had been in the baggage car when the crash came. Clutching the precious satchel, he dragged himself forward, but his legs had been smashed off at the knees and he was bleeding frightfully. "The telegraph! Cut in on the telegraph!" he shouted, but not a man there knew which one of the score of wires to cut, and Shaley himself could not tell without testing. They threw a rope across an arm of one of the poles, passed a sling about the dying man, and hoisted him up. Then he cut and grounded the wire and connected his telegraph key. Tenderly propped by anxious hands, he began to send the call for the Cheyenne operator, meanwhile gazing stoically at the pool where his lifeblood ebbed away. At this unusual hour of the night he found trouble in raising his man, and he pounded his key for ten minutes before he got an answering click.

"*Number 17 terribly wrecked forty miles west of Cheyenne. Send hospital train*," he said. Then they pillowed his head on the satchel and an armful of waste, while forty miles away a whistle shrieked through the night and brought engineer, fireman, and two hundred Japanese on the wrecking train, followed by the hospital train with doctors and nurses. But Shaley was gone when they came. Not a line in the ashen face betrayed the inhuman torture he must have undergone, nor the strain of turning his mind from his own agony and impending doom to the

little brass instrument with which he saved scores of lives.

A great historical catastrophe, in which telegraphers played a heroic part, was the yellow fever epidemic which swept New Orleans, Memphis, and Grenada in 1878 — the most frightful epidemic in the history of our country — when thirty thousand went down in the grip of "Yellow Jack" and six thousand died in less than sixty days.

About the middle of August of that year it was feared that the entire South would be swept by the pest, and the announcement was made that a cordon of guards with shotguns would be stretched around the affected districts. The stampede that followed the announcement beggars description. Within less than ten days the white population of Memphis was reduced from forty thousand to less than thirty-five hundred. In the mad scramble for self-preservation, sons fled stricken mothers, wives abandoned doomed husbands, and mothers deserted their dying children. Clergymen, physicians, nurses, and town officials fled in terror of being pent up in the live rat trap, leaving their duties to a few brave ones who stayed behind, or to outside volunteers.

More than six hundred died in a single week. They died so fast that coffin makers and gravediggers could not keep up with them. Trenches forty feet long were scooped out with horse scrapers,

and victims were buried four bodies deep, without coffins and even without a relative to stand by and murmur a prayer.

In this gigantic charnel house, abandoned by the government through the cutting off of mails, eleven out of fifteen Western Union Telegraph operators who had stuck to their posts were underground by August the twentieth, while messages piled up on the four survivors — messages of heartbroken mothers, wives, and sisters pleading for scraps of information about children, husbands, and brothers; messages of anxious mothers, wives, and sisters in the city of death trying to assure loved ones without that they were still alive; messages from the Howard Relief Association clamoring for doctors and volunteer nurses; messages from newspaper correspondents describing the plight of the sufferers, and the horrors of the Yellow Death, and appealing broadcast for help. How long the four operators would last was problematical. Therefore the company issued from its New York headquarters a general call for volunteers.

But sticking to one's key in time of danger was one thing, volunteering deliberately to expose one's life another. Out of fifteen hundred operators in New York only one responded — Edward V. Wedin, twenty-two years old, a slim, slightly built, quiet young man, a crackerjack operator who feared not man, pest, nor devil. On August the twenty-eighth he

stepped aboard the train bound for New Orleans, an army of friends grasping his hands for a last good-by.

Gazing from the car window as the train neared the fever district, Wedin could see for himself the ravages of the epidemic. Entire villages were deserted, half-starved dogs being the sole signs of life. Doors and windows of houses stood open, showing bodies stretched under sheets, and candles burned to their sockets in the sole death watch. Graveyards he saw that looked like newly planted truck farms, with white sheets of lime covering the mounds to "keep the poisons down."

When he stepped off the train in New Orleans, the station was deserted. At the telegraph office the men were thunderstruck to see him. Work had piled feet high in the short-handed office, and he sat down at once in front of a key. He sent more than five hundred messages at his first sitting. Food and drink were brought him, and he ate with one hand and worked with the other, worked for twelve hours, until his wrist ached, and the copy danced before his eyes, and he had to sit on the arm of his chair to keep awake; worked until his arm was paralyzed to the elbow, and he fell fast asleep. For two hours they left him there, because they could not waken him; then they roused him and he staggered home through the night, through the sickening stench with which the epidemic reeked to heaven,

past trucks, express and farm wagons jouncing dead bodies to graveyards, past hundreds of bonfires of stumps and tar, burning, for disinfection, in front of houses where people had just died.

The next morning, and the next, and the next, other volunteer operators arrived from other cities — young men like Wedin, for the most part without family ties. They dropped like flies. One of these arrived of a morning and by twilight of the next day they were covering him up in the trenches. Others lasted only forty-eight hours. Some dropped on their way home after work and lay dying in the streets; others who went home of an evening in seemingly good health failed to report the next day and were found dead in their beds. Numbers were stricken in the office. The wire chief alongside Wedin collapsed one afternoon and was lifted out of his seat, his lifeless hand still clutching the key.

Yet only once did Wedin falter. That was when this man who had unflinchingly looked death in the face found himself unexpectedly talking to his sister, hundreds of miles away in his own cool North. "Lord! It was as if suddenly her soft, cool fingers were laid across my forehead," he said. He himself took this message, sent from Jersey City:

"*Is Edward V. Wedin still alive? His death is reported. His sister waits here in the office for answer.*"

"*Tell her Ed himself is answering this. Tell her God bless her and that Ed sends her a kiss,*" Wedin answered, hot tears welling from his eyes.

Throughout September to the first of October the dread weeks dragged; and then there came an early, sharp frost — and men fell into each other's arms, and wept, and raised haggard faces in thanksgiving, and church bells pealed joyously, for this was the death of Yellow Jack.

Of all the men who sacrificed and risked their lives in the epidemic, Wedin, to-day a gray-haired veteran employed by the Western Union Telegraph Company, is most famous, as he says, solely by virtue of escaping unharmed. A list of the men who died about him would read like the absent list of a regimental roster after a hot skirmish. In unmarked Southern graves they lie; but the memory of their names is green among their brethren, for they died the death of heroes of the key in honor of the service.

A. W. Rolker

About two years ago occurred the most thrilling rescue at sea ever known in marine annals. It was at this time that the wireless telegraphy proved to the world its tremendous possibilities for service.

It was the twenty-third of January, 1909. The great White Star liner *Republic* with seven hun-

dred souls on board was groping her way through a dense fog some twenty-six miles south of Nantucket. She had been enveloped in fog ever since leaving New York City some fifteen hours before. Suddenly out of the gloom appeared a huge steamer. Prow on, she dealt the *Republic* an overwhelming blow in the side, and then vanished into the fog.

The terrified passengers rushed on deck to find themselves in total darkness. From the moment of collision, all lights went out on the ship. Captain Sealby spoke to the people, reassuring them; and they bore themselves with great calmness and self-control. Even while the captain spoke, the wireless operator, John R. Binns, a young man of twenty-five years, was bending to his work.

The walls of his narrow room had been crushed and a portion of his apparatus wrecked. He could do nothing with his dynamos. But using his accumulators he began throwing messages over the sea. He told of the sad plight of the *Republic* and called for aid. There, in the darkness, with the ship still reeling from the shock, with the water pouring into the hold, with hundreds of human beings in terror of death on the deck hard by, Jack Binns sounded the distress call: C. Q. D.; C. Q. D.; C. Q. D.

C. Q. D. is the most important signal in the service. When that call is heard, all the stations drop their other work and attend to it alone.

Siasconset, on Nantucket Island, the furthest seaward station on the American coast, heard the call and answered. Immediately she passed on the word to all ships on the sea equipped with the wireless telegraph within two hundred miles. She also informed all land stations within the same radius. In this way two steamships, the White Star liner *Baltic* and the French steamer *La Lorraine*, were turned from their course and directed toward their sister ship in her great peril. The *Lucania* also offered help.

The apparatus on the *Republic* was weak. Binns nursed his power against a time when he might need it more. His machine could send messages only a little over sixty miles. Siasconset caught these messages and repeated them to the hastening ships and to the shore. From the harbors, revenue cutters sped towards Nantucket to see what aid they could offer. Within half an hour after the accident, thousands knew of what had occurred in the pall of fog far out to sea and help was speeding towards the stricken vessel.

But the *Florida*, the steamship that had rammed the *Republic*, was nearest of all. She had sustained less injury than her victim. Accordingly, on Saturday morning, the passengers of the latter ship were transferred, for greater safety, to the *Florida*. This dangerous task lasted for several hours.

In the meanwhile, Binns still sat at his post directing, to the best of his ability, the steamers that were searching for the *Republic* in the midst of the enshrouding fog. This was not an easy task. "All the ships for a hundred miles around were inquiring, complaining, ordering, beseeching, bleating like a flock of sheep. The electric snarl was complete for a time." The *Baltic* reached the neighborhood of the *Republic* at two o'clock on Saturday but, owing to the fog, it was not until six o'clock that she succeeded in locating the *Republic* definitely.

Tattershall, the Marconi operator on the *Baltic*, "a little slim, red-whiskered Londoner, quick on his feet and as lithe as a cat," said in regard to this search for the *Republic*: "It's the awful nervous strain of striving, always striving, to get the messages right, when half a dozen monster batteries are jerking flashes to you at the same time, pounding in your ears, making sparks swarm before your eyes. That's what gets on a man's nerves; that's what makes you next to insane. I hardly knew what to do, with the *Republic* signaling me faintly, so faintly, that I could n't make out whether they were saying, 'We are sinking,' or, 'All safe.'"

The batteries had given out on the *Republic* and for some hours all signaling had been by means of submarine bells.

At six o'clock Saturday night, by orders of Captain

Sealby, all the crew left the *Republic*, as it was feared that she might founder in the night. Binns joined Tattersall on the *Baltic*. Tattersall tells of their meeting as follows: "That chap Binns is a rare plucky one, he is. I know him pretty well, you know, but even so, I was astonished when he walked into my cabin Saturday night, after they had taken off the crew of the *Republic*.

"'Hullo!' he said, cool as you please; 'thought I'd see how you were, old chap. Had a brisk sort of time, did n't we?'

"He told me he never worried after the crash came. 'I worked,' he said, 'because it seemed the easiest thing to do.'"

The next morning Captain Sealby, with a volunteer crew of fifty men, boarded the *Republic*, which was still afloat. Binns obtained some new batteries and returned to his old post. He was there all Sunday. Three vessels undertook the towing of the *Republic*. It was thought that she might be beached and so not be a total loss to her owners. But the hope proved vain.

In the early evening the captain ordered the brave volunteers to "abandon ship" and at eight o'clock the *Republic* sank. Binns had clung to his post till ordered off by the captain. One of his brave messages had said: "I'm on the job. Ship sinking, but will stick to the end." Binns kept his word and

his bearing throughout these terrible thirty-eight hours serves as a lofty precedent for all Marconi operators in the future. His "celerity, fidelity, and intelligence have made his name immortal."

A few days later Mr. Boutelle of Illinois paid in Congress a glowing tribute to Binns. He said in closing, "Binns has given the world a splendid illustration of the heroism that dwells unseen in many who are doing the quiet, unnoticed tasks of life. It is an inspiration to all of us to feel that there are heroes for every emergency and that in human life no danger is so great that some Jack Binns is not ready to face it."

THE CIVIL ENGINEER

Who are the greatest men of the present age? Not your warriors, not your statesmen; they are your engineers.

JOHN BRIGHT, *in a speech in the House of Commons*

Nearly twenty years ago, in the southwest of Colorado, half a dozen settlers lived in the upper part of the Uncompahgre valley. Among these was a little Frenchman named Lauzon. Never was there a more hopeless strip than this where Lauzon and his neighbors lived. Soil, rich beyond belief in the chemical elements that go to make up plant food, extended as far as eye could reach; but water, the one remaining element necessary to enable plants to take up this food and to turn the waste into a paradise of plenty — water there was none.

Six miles from this valley coursed the Uncompahgre River, a mountain stream. At cost of infinite labor, Lauzon and his friends led the Uncompahgre into their valley to flood their little farms of something like forty acres each. There were seasons when the water needed to irrigate this small tract was sufficient, and crops abundant past belief were raised. But other seasons there were when Lauzon and his friends grew anxious; for not only was water low, but other settlers, attracted by the success of the six pioneers, had come in to share the supply.

Of an evening Lauzon would sit dreaming in the door of his farmhouse, before him his forty sappy-green acres studded with cattle, lambs, and sheep; beyond, far as eye could reach, a gray-brown waste alive with heat devils and reflecting the shimmer of crimson and gold shed by the setting sun. Water, and within a week that desolation would be transformed into a garden spot richer than any gold mine on earth.

Twenty miles away, in the Black Cañon, running through an unnamed spur of the Rocky Mountains, the Gunnison River coursed through a cleft that seemed to yawn into the very center of the earth. No eye had ever seen this river in all its cañon bed. Professor Hayden, who made a general geological survey for the government, pronounced the cañon impenetrable. Geologists who had been lowered down the rocky walls returned, after descending a thousand feet, and declared that no man could go farther and live. Indians who had dared the cañon had never again been seen alive.

But Lauzon, a dreamer, saw what a marvelous thing it would be to capture the turbulent stream running waste, and to deflect it out of its fastness into the Uncompahgre and so through canals across the 200,000 acres of the valley. But even to this dreamer the project seemed absurd, for it would be necessary to bring the Gunnison River underground through a mountain base.

However one morning at the headquarters of the Reclamation Bureau, thousands of miles away in Washington, D.C., a telegram from Lauzon was received: "*Can the Gunnison River be made to water the Uncompahgre Valley?*"

A. L. Fellows, engineer in the Reclamation Bureau, who received this telegram, read and re-read it. Then, silently, he handed it to W. W. Torrence, one of his brother engineers. There was not another pair of men in the Bureau more expert in the perilous specialty of cañon work than these two young men. Never in the history of the Bureau had a more dangerous undertaking been proposed. The one way to reach the point where the tunnel might be driven was to enter the cañon fourteen miles upstream, where a wall 1500 feet high presented a single vulnerable spot, and from this point to follow the river, a veritable underground torrent hurling itself with the impact of a maelstrom through the bowels of the earth into a vast unknown.

Whether the river on its course broke into cataracts that would smash boats like eggshells, whether it would lead over falls down which a boat would shoot to destruction, or whether it would suddenly dip underground, sucking men into the earth like so many flies down a sink hole, none could foretell. The only thing certain was that once a man entered

on this trip he would have to finish it to the bitter end; he would no more be able to fight his way back

THE GUNNISON CAÑON

against that current than he would be able to climb the perpendicular walls that led to the ribbon of daylight, a half mile above him.

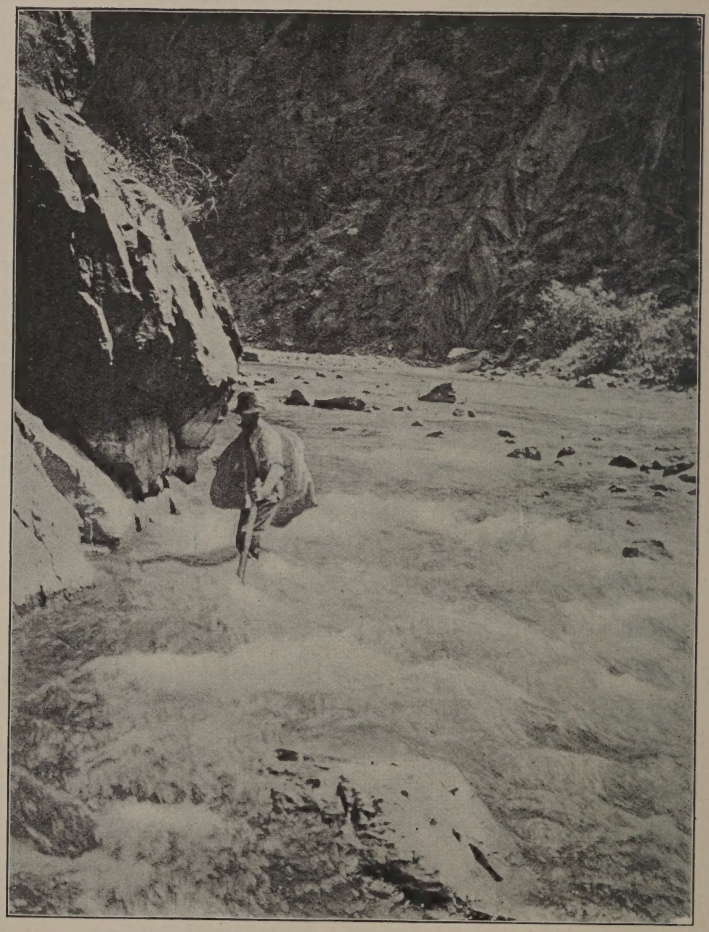
To those with an inkling of the terrors of the Black Cañon it seemed almost like suicide when Torrence and four volunteer assistants of the Reclamation Service let themselves down by ropes into the cañon. The boats the men took down with them were made of stout oak frames covered with canvas, so that when they struck against rocks, instead of shattering and splintering into uselessness, they could readily be repaired. Tinned meats and vegetables and hard-tack enough for a month the men loaded into the boats, along with cameras, surveying instruments, and notebooks in water-tight tins. Then they signaled with revolver shots that the expedition was under way.

Down in the cañon, where daylight was turned into dusk, where all was barren rock, where the terrorizing note of the torrent roared so that the men had to shout into one another's ears, hardships soon began. The river, still swollen with melted snows, was cold as ice. In spots it hurled itself against rocks and bowlders and against the walls of the cañon, sending up spray twenty feet high and filling the air with an ice-cold mist that drenched their clothes and dripped again from rocks worn smooth as glass. Over these, varying in size from the height of a table to that of a tall horse, the men boosted and pulled one another, while they held fast to long ropes attached to the boats that would have shot

downstream like bullets out of a rifle had they not been hard held. Occasionally there were basins, stretches of one or two hundred feet of placid water, and here the men would embark and venture forward as far as they dared. In other spots, the river was a mass of shallow rapids, churned into white foam from wall to wall, and so swift that men immersed to the knees could scarcely retain a footing. To slip and fall into the swirl would have meant being whisked like a feather over a milldam only to be dashed to atoms; therefore the men tied themselves to a common rope like alpine climbers, lifting boats and provisions on their shoulders and staggering with them through rapids to stretches of safety beyond.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the dusk quickly faded into blackness. Despite the heartbreaking work of the day, the men had not covered three quarters of a mile. After a meal of cold things, they stretched themselves, damp and chilled, on bare rocks for a long biting cold night in which they could not have even the comforts of talk. And this would endure until eight o'clock in the morning, when the sun would have risen sufficiently to make safe progress possible.

Stiff, miserable, and tired, they scrambled from their hard beds. One of the boats parted its line that day, and neither rib nor shred of it was ever seen again. But late that afternoon, in a wall of the



CARRYING A CANVAS BOAT THROUGH THE RAPIDS

cañon, they found a cave. Here they took shelter for the night. With driftwood they lighted a fire, cooked a meal, and warmed themselves.

Day after day they traveled, working their hearts

out, slipping and floundering up and down wet, glassy bowlders, treacherous as glare ice, and by night twisting miserably through long hours. Worst of all, owing to the loss of a boat with its load of provisions, it was necessary to cut rations. They were growing weak for want of rest and proper food, for lack of the sunshine and the blue sky, a patch of which they could see by looking straight up, and more than a narrow strip of which they might never see again. By night they lay, face upturned, amid spume and spray and din, in an atmosphere like that of a tomb, while overhead hung a strip of placid stars. With energy and vitality running low, courage dwindled, and to the suffering of the body were added the torments of the soul. Retreat against that volume of hurling water was out of the question. Somewhere ahead, where the cañon grew deeper and deeper, there was one chance in a thousand of finding an unknown watercourse, or a fissure up which they might climb. Failing this, starvation stared them in the face.

The men had traveled thus for three weeks when they realized that they had come to their rope's end. The farther they penetrated, the harder grew their trail. The gorge narrowed and deepened.

Pale, emaciated, weak, and hollow-eyed they proceeded, searching for a chance to escape. Directly ahead of them the river suddenly disappeared,

shooting beneath millions of tons of house-high rocks and bowlders that had crashed from the walls. Over the rocks they climbed and scrambled and pushed and hoisted each other, dragging the boats and provisions after them, taking an entire day to cover a scant hundred yards; then to discover that the cañon had risen to 2500 feet and narrowed to 28 with walls literally perpendicular and worn smooth as glass. The volume of water hurled into this narrow passage found egress with the rapidity of a mill race.

To venture into this water by boat would have meant suicide. Thunderstruck, like men lined up at the brink of a grave, Torrence's assistants stood in silence, unable to turn eyes from the spot which they felt must mark their end. Hopelessly they gazed at the towering walls. A single giant pine, overhanging the brink directly overhead, was no taller than a toothpick. Torrence gave his men one glance and understood. No longer were they the intrepid engineers. Weakness, exhaustion, and privation had taken the heart out of them. Common, ordinary humans they were, footsore, battered, half-starved, stripped to the bare souls, fighting only for love of the lives within them. The Falls of Sorrows they named the gorge in front of them; and then they did what all men do when at the end of their own strength and resource — they took off

their hats and stood with bowed heads and prayed for help from above.

"With our present equipment we can go no farther. The Black Cañon is *not* impenetrable. If I get out of this scrape alive, I shall come back." This was the last entry Torrence made in his notebook; for even if he should lose his life, he expected that his notes, as well as a roll of negatives that he had been able to click off on his camera, might be found on his body so that his work would not have been in vain.

It was this same Torrence who discovered for these hopeless ones what appeared to be the bed of a watercourse leading precipitously into the cañon, 2500 feet deep. The course was narrow, and in spots stood at an angle of eighty degrees; but crags and rifts of rock protruded, permitting foothold, and whatever might be the possibilities aloft, here at the foot it looked promising, considering that there was no alternative of escape.

In their weakened condition it was impossible to begin the perilous ascent; moreover, to begin the climb except in early morning would have meant to be overtaken by night on the face of the precipice. Therefore the men sat and rested, and for the first time in two weeks gorged themselves, leaving enough only for the next morning's meal. To stop during the climb to partake of sustenance would be impossible.

When morning came they started upward. Tied to a common rope and armed with the spike-shod tripod legs of the transits, to be used like so many alpenstocks, the men ascended, one after another. Torrence was in the lead. Each man took a firm foothold, hauling in slack or cautiously paying out rope in case of a sudden slip. At snail's pace they gingerly picked their way, the greatest danger being that those above might loosen stones that would crash down upon those coming after.

By noon the men clung to the precipice like flies, beneath them a thousand dizzy feet, up which came the note of the white-churned stream; above them a towering 1500 feet, arched with blue skies and fragrant with the perfume of sunshine. The violent exercise had stirred appetites until hunger gnawed at empty vitals. In addition to this was a raging thirst that filled their throats as if with dry cotton. In their veins was the fever of exertion and excitement, in their hearts the sickening dread that the leader might suddenly announce that the course terminated impassably in a vertical wall of smooth rock.

Toward late afternoon, despair came to one of the men who realized that night would overtake him in this plight, and that for twelve interminable hours he would have to stand clinging to a rock, waiting for daylight; and it was with difficulty that he was restrained from leaping into the abyss at once.

Two thousand feet up, within 500 feet of salvation, night closed in. It found the climbers in a dreadful plight. Their lips were purple and swollen to triple size for want of water. Their hands were cut, and the palms were worn raw from contact with jagged rocks and from the chafing of the rope. Their eyes were swollen and bloodshot, and their faces were covered with a quarter-inch thick mask where a layer of rock dust had settled and had been baked in with the perspiration.

To spend a night clinging to the side of a precipice, within 500 feet of their goal, was more than could be expected of human fortitude, even if those ready to drop in their tracks from sheer exhaustion should by some miracle have managed to survive the night. It was therefore decided to take chances on groping their way in the dark, and for five hours they proceeded until, with a shout, Torrence grasped the stem of an overhanging sagebrush, and pulled himself clear beneath God's own starry sky.

Panting, dripping with perspiration, one after another the men climbed over the brink and, on hands and knees, crawled from the edge and collapsed.

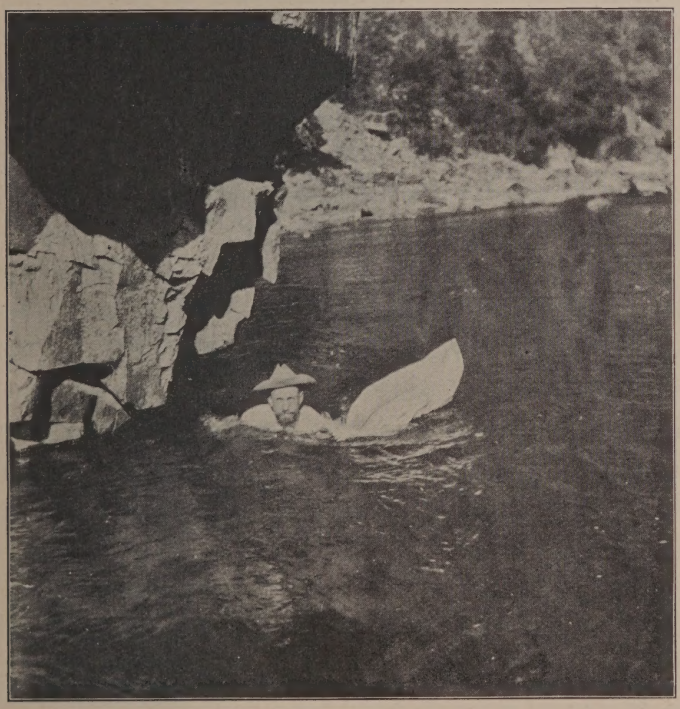
Fourteen miles in twenty-one days was all that they had covered. "This time the Black Cañon won," declared Torrence when, still showing signs of the grueling experience he had undergone, he

entered the office of Fellows, district engineer of the Reclamation Bureau.

Off and on, for nearly a year, Torrence and Fellows planned how to conquer the Gunnison and its cañon. Whatever horrors might await them beyond the Falls of Sorrows, Torrence's report showed that up to this point the cañon might be explored. What was more important, the data Torrence had obtained proved that, at least up to the Falls of Sorrows, the project of turning the Gunnison out of its course was perfectly feasible. Within a year after the failure of the first expedition, the two men stood side by side in the upper cañon, ready to begin the fight over again.

Just as much as possible by water, and just as little as possible over the rock-strewn banks, the two engineers had decided to move forward. Boats, experience had shown, were little more than useless in a torrent of this sort. Instead of a boat, therefore, the men had invented a contrivance of their own whereon to transport instruments and provisions. This was simply a rubber air mattress measuring four by six feet, subdivided into independent air-tight compartments, provided with lashing to secure a load, and with hand ropes which the men could grasp to support themselves and to keep their heads above water. Wading boots, sealed water-tight about their legs, and permitting them to

swim without danger that the boots would fill and drag them down, with oilskin-covered notebooks and film bags fitting into sealable rubber pockets, completed the outfit.



FELLOWS SWIMMING WHERE THE WALLS COULD NOT BE SCALED.

For two weeks they climbed and waded and swam, reaching at last the Falls of Sorrows, whence the journey began once more into the heart of the great unknown.

Foot by foot, the cañon grew higher and higher and narrower and wilder, as if before long the two walls must come together, leaving the river to dash downward through a subterranean water-course into which the men would be sucked and buried alive, like rats drawn into the swirl of a sewer hole.

Cautiously, bearing the danger of a fall in mind, the men proceeded and had rounded a corner when, of a sudden, a hundred feet ahead, the river fell sheer out of sight. The depth of the water shallowed here so that the men could stand on bottom, despite the swift current. They ventured as near as possible to the brink; but whether the falls hurled themselves a hundred feet upon the rocks below, whether they boiled into a deep basin that would give them a chance for life, or whether the river disappeared and continued underground — these things they could not see.

For the first time during these hardships the heart went out of the men, and they sat side by side, head in hands. To have been caught unexpectedly and whirled over the falls would have been a mercy; but to be pent up hopelessly, with no alternative save deliberately to take a desperate leap — this was inhuman strain. But there was no other way out; and it was decided that Fellows should plunge first, that Torrence should then

launch the raft with the instruments and what provisions were left, and come after.

Fellows leaped; and like a pine chip over the top of a milldam his body flashed for an instant into view and was gone. For five minutes Torrence stood, awed by the stupendous force, picturing to himself the mangled remains of his friend. Then, quickly, he released the raft, and unable to bear the suspense, leaped in after him. He must have been whirled into temporary unconsciousness because, barring the sensation of plunging into the water, he had recollection of nothing until he found himself beyond the foot of the falls, clutching at an overhanging rock. Fellows lay collapsed on a stone shelf upon which he had drawn himself, gazing as if in a dream at the silver veil which roared and thundered, falling house-high, churning itself white against jagged black rocks that studded the basin where they had landed.

For hours the men lay, panting, weakly turning their heads from side to side, slowly coming back to life after the frightful impact to which they had been subjected. But a new danger threatened them. Rations had run so low that for sixteen hours they had not had a mouthful to eat, and they divided a last spoonful of baked beans between them. They hobbled along, now limping, arms about each other's shoulders, now crawling on hands and knees,

dragging their raft after them, sighting, recording notes, and taking photographs while they swayed on their tottering feet.

They had made very little progress because of the hunger within them, and had sunk down at the mouth of a cleft in the wall to rest, when suddenly a mountain sheep bounded up beside them. Torrence clutched it and hung on like grim death as it tried to escape him. How the sheep got into the cañon and how it had managed to subsist there is a mystery. It was the only living thing the men encountered on their trip, and they ate it in a manner that may not be told, but just as any of us would have eaten it were we dying by inches for want of food.

According to survey the men knew they must now be within a few miles of the foot of the Black Cañon and they hastened on, the fire of new strength and courage in their veins. Between them and the end, however, was such an ordeal as comes into the lives of few who live to tell a tale.

Centuries, perhaps ages, ago, the river had undermined its banks until, with a rumble like an earthquake, a landslide of thousands of tons of rock had crashed into the stream, making a mass hundreds of feet in height. For centuries, then, the torrents had bombarded against the base of this heap, wearing a tortuous channel and disappearing a short

distance on into a grim tunnel. It was this obstacle by which the engineers were now confronted.

Behind them, in front of them, to either side of them, escape was cut off clean as if they were at the bottom of a 3000-foot well. The more they sought, the more they realized that their one hope of escape was to throw themselves into the maelstrom, taking blind chances of being hurled against rocks or being sucked under water and so perishing.

At the entrance of the pitch-dark tunnel they sat gazing at the funnel-shaped eddy of the black, swirling water. Long, in silence, the friends gazed into each other's eyes. Like two condemned men standing on the brink of eternity they clasped each other's hands in viselike grasp.

Fellows leaped first. Twice his body whirled around like lightning. The single glimpse of a foot, and Torrence stood alone, petrified with horror; in his mind was the picture of the death struggle going on in the yawning hole before him.

He threw the raft into the eddy and watched it sucked and whirled out of sight. With his face buried in his hands he sat quaking, lacking the nerve to take the horrifying leap, yet remembering his promise to follow within ten minutes of his partner.

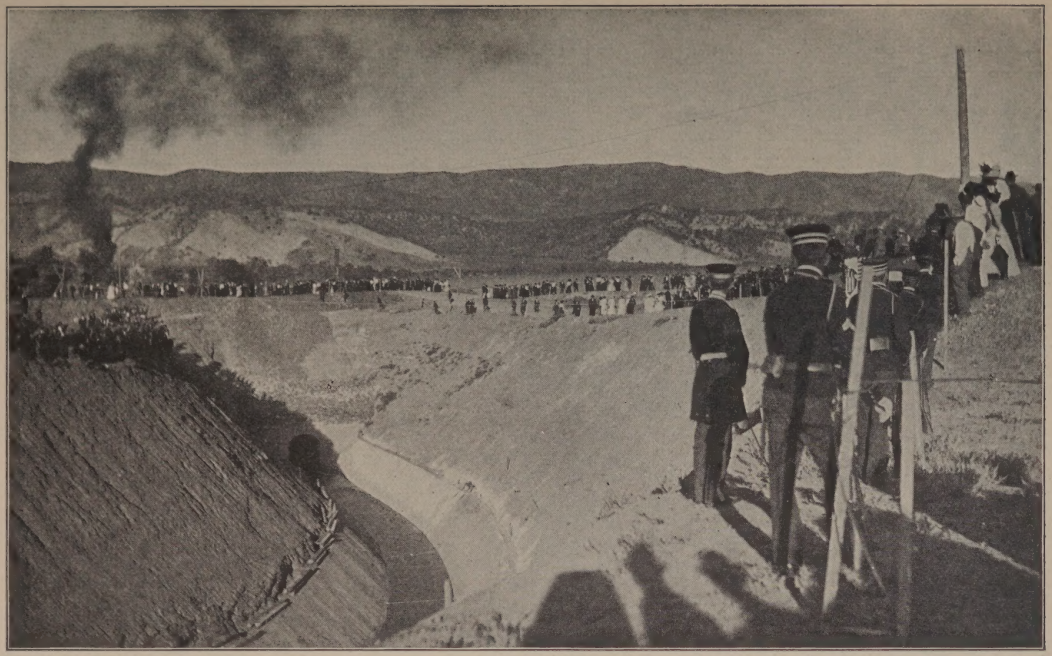
Finally he took a long, deep breath and dived head first into the funnel. For an instant he felt

himself spinning round and round. A tearing, wrenching sensation as if he were being torn apart in a thousand directions, a pressure as if a mountain were closing in upon him, then a shooting forward like the speed of an arrow; and just as his senses were leaving him he was spat out of the water into clear air, and Fellows clutched his collar as he was whirling past a rock, and drew him upward to safety. Like frightened children suddenly snatched out of the jaws of death, these two men of iron locked arms about each other and laughed and wept — laughed and wept hysterically like women.

"Who says the Black Cañon is impassable?" cried Fellows, and over and over they repeated the grim joke until they collapsed into the nervous sleep of exhaustion.

Two days later, they climbed 2000 feet up the Devil's Slide at the lower end of the cañon, having traveled thirty miles along its bed, having swum the river seventy-two times from bank to bank, and having done what man never dared before and what none in his right senses will ever undertake again.

For a year, the Reclamation Bureau pondered over the survey of Fellows and Torrence, and mapped, and planned. Then it sent an army of rockmen, laborers, mechanics, and engineers to assault the Gunnison in its stronghold and turn it into the Uncompahgre.



West Portal of the Gunnison Tunnel on the Day of the Formal Opening

For ten years, working in three shifts, day and night, the engineers drove the gigantic bore, averaging a progress of 250 feet a month and removing more than 5,000,000 two-horse wagonloads of material. Then came a day when the men in the eastern heading could make out the pounding of the drills of the men in the western heading, and two weeks later came the final charge that ripped through the separating wall of rock, while men leaped joyously from one heading into the other; for the long, dangerous, tedious work at last was done.

From the Uncompahgre end of the tunnel a canal, wide and deep enough to float a good-sized ship, led to the Uncompahgre River, into which the unruly Gunnison was to flow, subdividing itself throughout 400 miles of lateral canals to spread itself meekly over corn and potato fields and to do men's bidding in every fertile form.

A. W. Rolker, in collaboration with
Day Allen Willey

September 24, 1909, was the official opening day of the great Gunnison Canal. President Taft, in the presence of a large company at Lujane, a little town situated at the west end of the tunnel, placed a gold bell on a silver plate and the electric connection released the pent-up floods of the Gunnison River. For the first time the stream flowed through the

tunnel and Lauzon and his neighbors were jubilant. The deepest joy, however, was that of those who had endured most. Fellows and Torrence, "heroes of the gigantic undertaking in the Land that God Forgot, looked upon their accomplished work with a satisfaction that none could measure."

THE JAMIESONS SAVE THE TRAIN
From painting by Walter Crane

To all men, even to those in the humblest walks of life, the opportunity for heroic service may come at any moment.

In the summer of 1876 a number of navvies were at work upon the line of railway between Glasgow and Paisley. They stood back upon the approach of an express train, which, upon passing them, would cross a lofty viaduct. The engine was in sight. One of the men, named Jamieson, saw that a sleeper had started, and that unless it was replaced the train would be wrecked, — wrecked upon a viaduct. There was no time for words. The navvy

made a sign to his nephew standing beside him, and the two rushed forward. They fixed the sleeper, saved the train, and were left dead upon the line. The funeral was largely attended, especially by fellow workmen, who had turned out to do honor to their comrades. "We laid them," writes the Reverend James Brown, "in the same grave in an old churchyard on a hillside that slopes down to the very edge of the railway. As the two biers were carried down the hill, the bearers being the friends and comrades of the dead, the trains were coming and going. I thought of Tennyson's lines: —

> Let the sound of those he wrought for,
> And the feet of those he fought for,
> Echo round his bones for evermore."

[1] An enterprise that attracted wide attention at the time was the attempt to tunnel the Hudson River between Jersey City and New York. It was of the first importance to commerce, for it would afford direct access to New York to the railroads having their termini on the New Jersey side of the river. It involved a novel and difficult feat of engineering, and for the public it had the added fascination of danger. The veriest layman appreciated the peril in which the workmen would be the moment the tunnel penetrated beyond shore under the river's bed. Night and day would be one to them; above

[1] Reprinted, by permission, from the *Century Magazine*.

them the great fleet of steamers, tugs, ferryboats, and sailing craft of all kinds would pass and repass; over them, as they dug and picked and hammered and welded down there in the depth and the darkness, would roll the billows of one of the great waterways of the western hemisphere. What would be between them and this ever-threatening flood? At the extreme end, where the work was being extended under the bed of the river, there was a mere shell of silt and mud and ooze, sustained by compressed air — a device as yet untried in exactly this kind of work, and considered by some engineering authorities of doubtful value. If these doubts proved true, if that thin shell gave way, the Hudson River would pour in upon the men in the tunnel, and they would be drowned like rats in a hole. It was man against nature, with nature represented by a great river directly overhead.

Into this narrow tube of brick and iron under the bed of the river the workmen descended in shifts of twenty-eight each, at intervals of eight hours. They knew that every time they entered the tunnel they took their lives in their hands; but each shift took the chance that the accident, if any, would happen to the others.

One midnight twenty-eight men went into the tunnel. Only seven came out alive. They owed their escape to the fact that of the twenty-one who perished, one deliberately sacrificed his life to save theirs.

In order to understand just what took place at that time, it is necessary to know how work was carried on in the tunnel. It was begun on the New Jersey side of the river. Here a deep circular well was sunk. The men descended into this, and passed from it into the tunnel through an air lock, designed to prevent the escape of compressed air from the tunnel, and also to equalize the pressure of air for the men as they entered or left it. The air lock was filled with or emptied of compressed air according as the men were to enter or to leave the tunnel, just as a canal lock is filled or emptied according as a boat is to be raised or lowered.

This air lock was a cylindrical chamber of heavy iron, fifteen feet long and six feet in diameter, closed at each end by massive doors swinging inward toward the tunnel, as otherwise the air pressure would have forced them open, with the result that the compressed air would have escaped and the roof of the tunnel have fallen in. The men having entered the air lock from the shaft, the door was closed upon them, and before the door at the tunnel end was opened the lock was slowly filled with compressed air until the pressure was equal to that in the tunnel, which the men were then prepared to enter. The work had been pushed forward several hundred feet. The braces, aided by an air pressure of twenty pounds to the square inch, had so far sufficed to

support the iron roof plates, and there had been no accident. But there was one point of danger: Where the iron roof plates and the wall of the shaft came together near the tunnel end of the air lock, the joining was not fairly plumb. A watch was supposed to be constantly maintained there. Leaks had been discovered, but had been quickly stopped with clay, of which there was plenty in the bottom of the tunnel.

One midnight a shift of men went down the shaft as usual, entered the airlock, remained there the customary length of time, and then went into the tunnel. They were in charge of a foreman named Peter Woodland, a Dane, who had been in this country nine years, and had been employed at the tunnel since the beginning of the work. At half past four in the morning some of the men prepared to go up for lunch. At that time the danger point must have remained unguarded for a fatal interval.

Suddenly there was a sound like the blowing off of steam. Woodland sprang to the spot, crying: "Back, men, and stop the leak!"

But where a moment before there had been a hole that might have been stopped with a pinch of clay, there now was a rapidly widening gap. Under it stood Peter Woodland. The foul bottom of the river was pouring in upon him; ooze and slime were blinding him; he felt the water rising about

his feet. One step would have taken him safely into the air lock; of all the men, he was nearest safety. He did not move toward it. Standing there by the entrance, he shouted: "Quick, boys! Get into the lock!"

But he did not lead the retreat. As each man came along, he pushed and shoved him through the rising ooze and water into the air lock. Seven men had passed him. As he was helping the eighth, the iron roof plates gave way, felled the man in the doorway, and pinned the door against him. Several men inside the air lock grasped the prostrate man and tried to draw him in. He was dead, and pinned fast. The heavy iron plates against the door made it impossible to open this, and the man's body in the doorway made it impossible to close it by a few inches. Through this narrow space water began pouring from the tunnel into the air lock. Escape had been cut off for Woodland and the twenty men behind him, and the men in the air lock were in danger of drowning; for the compressed air which entered it from the tunnel made it impossible for them to open the inward-swinging door at the other end.

"Take off your clothes and stop up the doorway!" shouted Woodland, who was now above his waist in water.

The men in the air lock stripped themselves and

thrust their clothing into the crack. The airlock was now half full of water, and while the inflow was checked, it was not wholly stopped. This water and the pressure of the air made their frantic efforts to tear open the door at the shaft end of the lock still unavailing.

There was a bull's-eye in each door. The man nearest the door leading into the tunnel was attracted by a sound, and, looking, saw Woodland peering at him through the bull's-eye. The water was up to his armpits. Beyond him were blurred, watery heads. Then he heard Woodland's voice: "Break open the outside bull's-eye!"

The men in the air lock were not cowards; it had required a certain degree of courage to work in the tunnel. They knew if they knocked out the bull's-eye, and the air escaped through it, their chances of tearing open the door would be improved; but they also knew that with the outrush of air from the lock and the tunnel the roof about the leak would come crashing down, and the last desperate chance for Woodland and his twenty hemmed-in men be gone. They hesitated. Woodland must have noticed their hesitation, for he called: "Knock it out! It's your only chance!" Then for the first time his voice wavered as he added, "And if you are saved, try and do what you can for the rest of us!"

They smashed the bull's-eye, and tore at the door.

At the same time they felt pressure applied from the outside. The door yielded slightly. The water began pouring out of the lock into the shaft. Relieved of this weight and of the air pressure, the door swung in, and seven nude and terrified men were literally shot into the shaft, where the water gained upon them so rapidly that they had to take to the ladder for safety. The caving in of a shed near the water's edge had given warning to two men above that something was wrong below. They had hurried down the shaft, and had reached the air lock just as the bull's-eye was smashed.

The nine men paused at the brink of the shaft. As they looked down into it, and then cast a glance at the river, they saw that both were on a level. The water of the Hudson had filled the tunnel and the air lock, and risen in the shaft to the height of the tide. That the twenty-one men in the tunnel had met their doom there could be no doubt.

Before Woodland came to this country he had been a sailor. For nine years he had been employed, chiefly in bridge building, by the superintendent of the tunnel work. Once before, while working on a bridge at Little Rock, Arkansas, he had had a chance to show his grit. Part of the structure was carried away by a flood during a savage electric storm. Woodland, by staying while most of the

others fled, saved much of the remaining portion. One of his arms was partially paralyzed by the lightning that played about the iron trestles at the height of the storm; but he only smiled at those who had sought safety, and stuck to his post.

To appreciate fully what Peter Woodland did in the tunnel disaster, one must recall for an instant the circumstances under which he met his death. It was not on the field of battle. There was no trumpet call, no hurrah from a thousand throats to urge him on, no surging army to carry him to the front with its own momentum, no flag flashing in the sun to stir his soul — not one of those dramatic effects that sometimes lift a man out of himself and inspire him to play a part, with the world for an audience. This catastrophe was shrouded in gloom. About it there was not one touch of the dramatic to inspire heroism. Peter Woodland stood in a tunnel under the bed of a great river. In that bed above him was an ever-widening gap through which the river was pouring in upon him. There was one step between him and safety. He never took it; for there were men — *his* men — behind him! And so he stood there by the air-lock door, helping one after another in, till the crash came. Then, under circumstances that would have converted almost any man into a tiger fighting for his life, he coolly, to his dying breath,

directed the men he had helped into the air lock how to save themselves. Weighing well all these things, I say deliberately that Peter Woodland, a plain man but little above his own workingmen in rank, performed an act of heroism as sublime as any of which the history of the world contains a record.

GUSTAV KOBBÉ

IN THE TUNNEL[1]

Did n't know Flynn, —
  Flynn of Virginia, —
Long as he 's been 'yar?
  Look 'ee here, stranger,
Whar *hev* you been?

Here in this tunnel
  He was my pardner,
That same Tom Flynn, —
  Working together,
  In wind and weather,
Day out and in.

Did n't know Flynn!
  Well, that *is* queer;
Why, it 's a sin
To think of Tom Flynn, —
  Tom with his cheer,
  Tom without fear, —
Stranger, look 'yar!

Thar in the drift,
  Back to the wall,
He held the timbers
  Ready to fall;

[1] An incident of the Central Pacific Railroad.

Then in the darkness
  I heard him call:

"Run for your life, Jake!
Run for your wife's sake!
  Don't wait for me."
And that was all
  Heard in the din,
  Heard of Tom Flynn,—
Flynn of Virginia.

That's all about
  Flynn of Virginia.
That lets me out.
  Here in the damp,
Out of the sun,
  That 'ar derned lamp
Makes my eyes run.
Well, there,—I'm done!

But, sir, when you'll
Hear the next fool
  Asking of Flynn,
Flynn of Virginia,—
  Just you chip in,
  Say you knew Flynn;
Say that you've been 'yar.

BRET HARTE

THE LIFE-SAVER

Every year there is published at Washington a slender, black-bound volume that contains as thrilling tales of heroism as have ever been chronicled in the world's history. These are the deeds of the United States life-savers who daily and nightly, at all seasons and in all weathers, patrol our coasts, ready on the instant to battle to the death for the life of any imperiled seaman. The combat is ceaseless; at times victory is with the surfman; at other times the pitiless ocean swallows up not only seamen in peril but also those who have gone forth to save. The life-saver knows his danger. Yet, taking his life in his hands, as he does, he fares forth to suffer, to endure, and to perform feats of well-nigh incredible valor. It is but in the line of duty.

Let us read a few of these plain accounts of service along the perilous borders of the deep.

The *St. Lawrence*, a steamer of 1437 tons burden, was laden with a cargo of corn. She had on board a crew of fifteen men, and was bound from Chicago, Illinois, to Prescott, Ontario. This voyage would take her through Lakes Michigan, Huron, Erie, and Ontario, into the St. Lawrence River.

Every vessel bound in this direction must pass Point Betsey on the starboard bow. Point Betsey is on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, and here is located a life-saving station.

On the particular afternoon of our story, snow was falling thick and fast. It may be that the storm had bewildered the master of the *St. Lawrence.* He was out of his course, for, at half past five in the afternoon, his vessel suddenly struck bottom and held fast.

The sea was running high, and although there was no immediate danger to the steamer, the captain began to blow the steam whistle at short intervals. These sounds were heard at the Point Betsey Life-Saving Station, but as they were not signals of distress, the life-savers concluded that they came from a car ferry bound into Frankfort. Keeper Miller, however, thought that the steamer was too near the beach for safety. He thereupon sent surfman Bedford down the shore to warn her off with Coston signals.

The falling snow was so thick that Bedford could not see the lights of the steamer until he was abreast of her. Then he burned two Coston signals, and became satisfied that she was already stranded.

In response to the second Coston the steamer blew three short blasts. Immediately Bedford retraced his way to the station, where he stated the

facts that he had observed. The distance of the vessel from shore he thought to be about three hundred and fifty yards.

A surfman was at once sent off to procure a team of horses, while the others ran out the wagon with the surfboat on it. Within twenty or thirty minutes the team came, and all hands started down the beach, arriving opposite the steamer in less than three quarters of an hour. This was a very quick journey.

By this time the weather was so thick that the men could see but a little space around them. The surfboat was launched, however, as soon as the life-savers came abreast of the steamer. In crossing the second bar an unseen breaker dashed into the boat, and nearly filled it. On this account keeper Miller was forced to return to the beach to secure the safety of his crew.

The snow was then falling so fast, and the boat and oars were so encumbered with ice, that keeper Miller decided that a second attempt would be foolhardy. He therefore sent the crew back to the station with the team to bring up the beach apparatus.

Because of the severe storm and the obstructed condition of the beach, two trips were necessary to bring all the tackle abreast of the vessel. While returning to the wreck on the second trip, surfman Jeffs stopped to trim a lantern. As he resumed his

Unloading the Lifeboat from the Beach Wagon

way, he was surprised to see a man rise from the beach, and stagger towards him. The stranger was dripping wet and scarcely able to stand. In a feeble whisper he told the surfman that he, with four others, had left the steamer in a yawl boat, which had capsized. He urged Jeffs to search for his friends along the shore to the southward. He feared they might be in greater distress than himself.

Jeffs did as he was asked and soon stumbled on two men, one of whom proved to be the first mate of the steamer. They were alive, but much exhausted. In time Jeffs arrived at the scene of operations. Here he reported the circumstances that had led to his finding three shipwrecked men.

Neither the vessel nor the crew on board were then in great danger, so keeper Miller wisely resolved to give his attention to the men already on the beach, for there was grave danger of their perishing. In order to transport the shipwrecked men to the station as speedily as possible the apparatus cart was hastily cleared of its contents. While some of the surfmen hauled the cart, the keeper followed after.

Four living men were picked up and hurried to the station. Meantime the keeper discovered the fifth of the unfortunate number lying just in the edge of the water. This man he drew farther up on the beach and tried to resuscitate, but without avail.

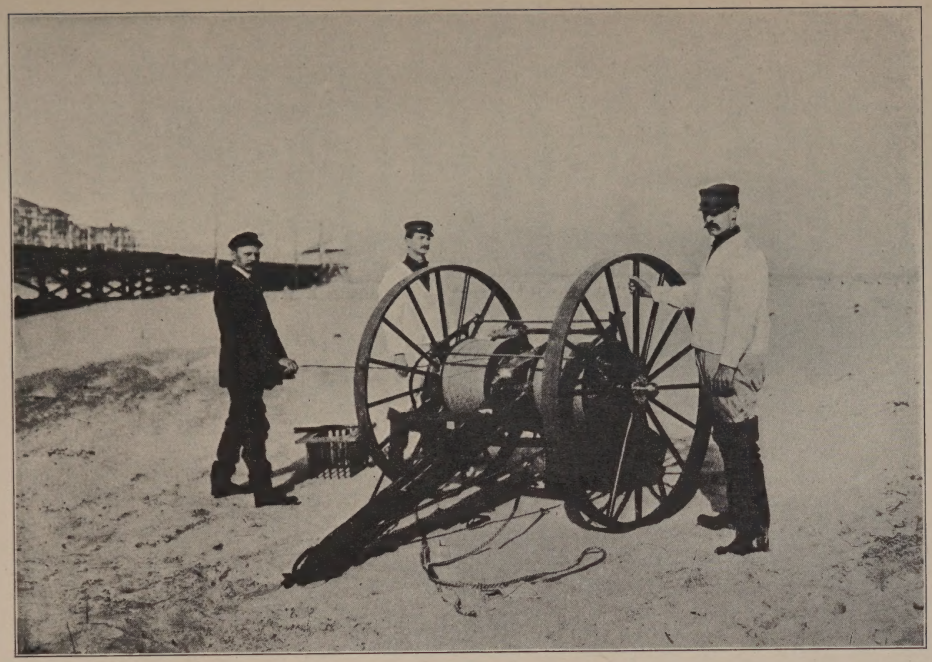
That this man was needlessly sacrificed and the others almost lost, was shown by the fact that all on board the wreck were eventually saved by the life-saving crew. The foolish attempt to land was initiated and directed by the mate, who is said to have declared that he could land without wetting his feet. As it turned out, however, the boat had scarcely cleared the steamer when it was upset, with the miserable result already narrated. Referring to this matter, the keeper says: "None of the four men we helped to the station could ever have reached there alive alone, and if we had not had to make the second load for the apparatus we never should have known anything about them until four o'clock in the morning, when we took off the balance of the crew, and there would have been five dead men within one mile of the station." Twenty-two inches of snow fell that night.

As soon as the four living men were placed in the station and the fifth had been proved beyond the possibility of doubt to be dead, the life-saving crew began vigorous operations for the succor of the men still on board the steamer. The Lyle gun was placed in position, and the first shot laid its line across the wreck. In the confusion and darkness, however, no one saw it, and after a few moments another was sent out. This, too, seemed to be undiscovered, and the disappointed surfmen began to haul it back to

the shore. Then the whistle of the wreck began to blow — why, the surfmen could not understand and did not learn until after the rescue was effected. As a matter of fact the shipwrecked people knew nothing of the life lines, until they were startled to hear their own whistle blowing without any apparent cause. They investigated and discovered a life line lying across the whistle cord and causing a blast of the whistle at every pull on the line.

As soon as the sailors began to haul out the shot line, the whip line and the hawser were bent on. Unfortunately, when these lines reached the vessel, they were fouled and would not work. The keeper thereupon resolved to man the surfboat once more. Instead of trying to use the oars he determined to pull her out by means of the whip line. This the lifesavers doggedly accomplished under adverse conditions of almost insurmountable proportions. The sea was furious; the lines, the boat, and the men were incrusted in ice; and the night was so dark that one could hardly see his neighbor. Twice the brave men made the perilous trip, each time carrying to the shore five of the steamer's exhausted crew.

Mr. Warner, the prosecuting attorney of Benzie County, who conducted the inquiry as to the cause of the death of the lost engineer, testifies that he had a conversation with all the survivors in the presence of one another, and especially with the mate, and



THE LYLE GUN

they all related to him the circumstances of the wreck, and told him in grateful and enthusiastic words of the work of the life-saving crew. They declared that the conduct of the life-savers in going out to the steamer in such a blinding storm and fearful sea was "simply one of the most heroic acts that any of them ever knew"; that they did more than could be expected under the circumstances; and that the only ones to blame for the loss of life were the sailors themselves.

Two circumstances of this rescue were so remarkable that certain persons considered them no less than providential. The first was the fact of the inadequacy of the surf wagon to transport all the beach apparatus at one trip. It was owing to the need for a second trip, that the shipwrecked men were discovered to have reached the shore. The second unusual incident was the blowing of the steamer's whistle by the life line thrown across it. This was the curious way in which the crew of the *St. Lawrence* were made aware that valiant efforts were being made in their behalf. Whether viewed as interpositions of Providence or as happy accidents, this is certain: had the circumstances been other than they were, many lives had been lost that were fortunately saved.

The schooner *Louis V. Place* was wrecked in the morning of the eighth of February, 1895, on the coast

of Long Island near the Lone Hill Life-Saving Station. The *Place* was a three-masted schooner of seven hundred and thirty-five tons measurement, carrying a crew of eight men, including the master and mate. She sailed from Baltimore, Maryland, under the command of Captain William Squires, on Monday, the twenty-eighth of January, bound for New York City. She carried eleven hundred tons of coal. Soon after the schooner had cleared the Capes, the wind veered to the north-northwest, blowing hard, and the sky became overcast with clouds. All the light canvas was furled and the vessel stood on her course under her lower sails only. On Tuesday, the fifth, the gale had increased to such force that the sails were reefed down, with the exception of the foresail, which was so stiff with ice that the sailors could not handle it.

On the morning of Thursday, the seventh, the gale shifted to the northeast, blowing with great violence, and the weather became very thick. At two o'clock on the morning of the eighth, the tempest hauled to the westward, raging with greater fury than ever, and causing a wild and dangerous cross sea. The crew had now been subjected to four days and nights of bitter exposure, and their arduous duties had allowed them so little rest that they were not only well-nigh worn out, but utterly disheartened.

At this time the position of the *Place* was wholly a matter of conjecture, but Captain Squires is said,

by the survivors, to have believed that he was not far off Sandy Hook. By seven o'clock his vessel was little better than a drifting iceberg — almost wholly unmanageable, her running gear frozen in the blocks, her sails as stiff as boards, and her deck sheeted with ice. The atmosphere was so thick that objects could not be seen at any distance, and at about eight o'clock the captain, totally bewildered as to his bearings, but confident that he could not be far from land, cast the lead, which showed about eight fathoms of water. Then, although his ship was leaking freely, he determined to drop his anchors and to ride out the storm. He called the crew aft, informed them of his purpose, and urged them to move about as rapidly as possible. They did the best they could in their weak and miserable condition, but all their feeble efforts to clear away the icebound anchors failed. The master then instructed them to put on all the clothing they could wear and remain upon the after part of the vessel. Not more than ten minutes later they heard the ominous breakers ahead, and in a few minutes the schooner lay pounding on the bar, the seas combing over every inch of her hull, and the crew flying to the rigging for their lives.

About five minutes before stranding she was discovered by surfman Saunders of the Lone Hill crew, who was on the beach, and ran at once to the station. Here he telephoned for the assistance of the crews

of the two adjacent stations, Point of Woods on the west and Blue Point on the east, and then dispatched a messenger to the eastward to notify his own keeper and crew, who were absent on attendance at the wreck of the four-masted schooner *John B. Manning*. Although their task had been beset with the utmost difficulties incident to an ugly winter storm, they had succeeded in reaching the *Manning* in good time to rescue every one of the nine men on board.

The *Place* lay between three and four hundred yards from the beach. The surf was sweeping her from end to end, and her crew were to be seen in the port mizzen rigging at intervals when the atmosphere was not obscured by the frequent squalls of snow. The tide was at flood. The surf was very heavy, and was filled with a grinding mass of porridge ice two feet in depth. The gale, moreover, was at the climax of its fury, while the beach was strewn with great cakes of ice piled in some places to the height of six or eight feet. Under these circumstances no human power could launch a boat. There was one means only by which the imperiled men could possibly be saved, and that was the breeches-buoy apparatus, which the life-saving crews prepared to put into operation without delay. Just as they were placing the Lyle gun in position for firing, two of the men, who subsequently proved to be the captain and the cook, were observed to fall into the sea and

disappear. This appalling spectacle, so early in the awful tragedy, gave evidence that the shipwrecked crew must have already lost much of their vitality, and excited grave apprehension that more of them would be lost.

Scarcely had the poor fellows fallen from their places when the gun was fired and the projectile flew over the wreck, too far away from the sailors to admit of expectation that they could possibly get it. Therefore without delay the gun was fired a second time. By one o'clock four lines had been fired, but the men of the vessel, apparently too weak to move, had made no effort to secure them. Before anything further could be done, the weather again closed in. The falling snow was so thick that the *Place* was concealed from sight for the space of almost three hours. When it again became possible to see her, the painful fact was disclosed that there were only four men left in the rigging. Two men of the six last seen had fallen overboard during the squall.

Darkness was at hand, and, with its coming, disappeared all reasonable hope of effecting a rescue with the breeches buoy before morning. The night was wild and intensely cold. It would be little less than a marvel if any of the poor fellows should survive its awful terrors, and the watchers huddled on the beach by the beacon fire maintained their anxious vigil with unwavering fidelity, praying for some

favorable change of conditions that might warrant an attempt, however desperate, to launch a boat. But none occurred.

When daylight broke, almost twenty-four hours had elapsed since the stranding, and there were apparently only two living men left on the wreck. At sunrise the Lyle gun was fired once more, throwing the shot line across the main-topmast stay, whence it swung to the mizzen rigging, very near the two sailors visible there. The life-savers, praying that the men would secure it, and firmly believing that they would if they had yet sufficient strength, left it where it was. Still, no movement was manifest. Without delay the ninth and last of the series was fired. Its line lay fairly across the hull, between the mainmast and foremast. The tide was so low at this time that the rail was not submerged, and one of the men on the crosstrees descended, and, standing on the rail, made an attempt to haul off the line. He found himself unable to accomplish the task and crept feebly back to the mizzen rigging. The life-saving men made signals to him to take the line aloft so that his shipmate might help to haul it off, but he paid no heed. It was now three in the afternoon of the second day, and hope was fast slipping away from all hearts. It was plain that the sailors were too nearly exhausted to afford any aid in their own behalf, and at last all thought of making a rescue

with the breeches buoy was abandoned. Of the nine shots fired, only two had failed to place the line fairly on board, while most of them had been landed where, under less desperate conditions, they might have been easily secured.

The boat was now taken from the wagon to the edge of the surf, and again and again driven as far as human power could force it into the ice-laden breakers, only to be spitefully hurled back upon the shore. Although the men waited and watched for a feasible opportunity, none appeared until nearly midnight. Then the tide was receding, while the wind was somewhat less powerful, and the masses of ice not quite so dense. Once more all hands stood by to make a launch. Forty hours had elapsed since the vessel had stranded, and it was now or never for the perishing men on the storm-swept hulk. Every man of the life-saving crews realized full well that the supreme moment was at hand. At last, with one mighty rush, they sent the boat afloat. Keeper Baker of the Lone Hill Station was at the helm, and keeper Rorke of Blue Point, with five other fearless fellows, pulled the oars. The waves ran high and the heavy ice pounded the boat with great fury, but her resolute crew drove her onward with all the strength at their command, and before many minutes laid her safely alongside the wreck. Aroused by the shouts of the life-savers, the poor fellows in the crosstrees

cautiously crept out and slowly descended the shrouds to the rail, whence they were helped into the surf-boat. Two of their shipmates hung in the rigging, but they were dead, and the situation was too perilous to recover their bodies at that time.

About one o'clock of the morning of the tenth the rescued men were taken into the station, where for the first time their pitiful condition was fully revealed. William Stevens, the stronger of the two, was badly frozen about the face, ears, neck, hands, and feet, but his condition was far less wretched than that of his shipmate, Soren J. Nelson, whose feet were frozen almost solid in his boots and who was barely alive. Their clothing was removed and their frozen limbs were bathed in snow, cold water, and linseed oil, and then properly bandaged. Stimulants were administered to accelerate circulation, and they were carefully placed in warm beds, where they lay under the watchful eyes of the surfmen throughout the remainder of the night.

During their protracted imprisonment of more than a day and a half in the crosstrees these two men, cramped in position and penetrated to the marrow by the piercing cold, had kept themselves alive only by the exercise of the most courageous and persistent self-control. Not daring to sleep for a single instant, and unable to move more than a few inches, they had kept awake and preserved

sufficient circulation in their bodies by shaking and severely pounding each other, while by turns, as their moods alternated, the temporarily more sanguine one would encourage his despondent companion with strong words of hope. Stevens was of much the more tenacious temperament, and no doubt the rough usage visited by him upon the body, and even the face, of his shipmate largely contributed to save the latter's life.

It is most profoundly to be deplored that all on board the *Place* could not be saved, but the credit due to the life-saving crews is in no way diminished. They faithfully stood to their duty and accomplished all that human power could effect. Fourteen of the crew out of twenty-one were frostbitten, and several were, for a number of days, barely able to keep about.

Captain Sprague of the schooner *Manning*, who was rescued with his entire crew on the morning of the wreck of the *Place*, and who was a witness of the conduct of the life-saving men at the wreck of the latter, published the following letter in the New York *Herald:*

To the Editor of the Herald:

I wish through the medium of your paper to express for myself and crew our great gratitude and appreciation for the prompt and effective service rendered to us by the Lone Hill life-saving crew in rescuing us, in breeches buoy, from the schooner *John B. Manning*, stranded near Lone Hill on the morning of February 9,

1895, and for the humane treatment of myself and frostbitten crew at the life-saving station.

I also wish to state that I observed their efforts to rescue the crew of the schooner *Louis V. Place*, stranded a few hours later near us. Men never worked harder or better, and though they succeeded in saving but two of that perishing crew, I think they deserve the highest praise for the noble manner in which they did their whole duty.

SAMUEL C. SPRAGUE
Master schooner *John B. Manning*

Lone Hill, L. I., February 12, 1895

It was near midnight of August 17, 1899, when the barkentine *Priscilla*, of Baltimore, Maryland, was blown ashore and broken to pieces, about three miles south of the Gull Shoal Station. The *Priscilla* was an American vessel commanded by Captain Benjamin E. Springsteen, and bound to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, laden with a general cargo. She had on board fourteen persons, twelve of whom comprised the officers and crew, the two others being the captain's wife, Virginia, and his young son, Elmer, twelve years of age.

The *Priscilla* left Baltimore on Saturday, the twelfth of August. On the morning of Wednesday, the sixteenth, the wind was blowing so hard that all the light sails were taken in, and by noonday it was found necessary to furl the spanker and the upper topsail. The gale soon became more violent and the captain hove to under bare poles. The vessel was

heading southeast in an east-northeast tempest, but was rapidly drifting to the south-southwest. Although able to get no observation for twenty-four hours, the captain knew he must be only a little to the northward of Cape Hatteras, and he was doing his best "to get clear of it." Of accomplishing that result, however, he entertained but little hope.

Early in the morning of Thursday, the seventeenth, the captain observed that the water was discolored, a fact which showed that he had drifted out of the Gulf Stream. He threw the lead at five o'clock and found that he was in only 30 fathoms of water. At six o'clock the line showed but 25 fathoms and at eight o'clock only 20. At one-hour intervals during the day the soundings varied from 20 to 17 fathoms until eight o'clock P.M., when but 10 fathoms were found. "Then," says the master, "I did not sound any more. I knew that we were going ashore, and passed the word forward for all hands to prepare to save themselves."

At ten minutes past nine, the fatal moment arrived. The vessel struck bottom, lightly at first, and shipped a sea which smashed the cabin skylights, deluging all below. She did not touch again for something like twenty minutes. Then she struck with an awful shock, and thereafter continued to pound so heavily that the master sent the mate and second mate forward with orders to cut away the port rigging. The

three masts instantly went by the board, falling to starboard, and the captain then ordered all hands on deck. The seas were now breaking over the hull with irresistible fury. In a few moments Mrs. Springsteen, William Springsteen, the mate, and son of the captain, and the ship's boy, Fitzhugh Lee Goldsborough, were swept overboard, beyond the remotest possibility of aid. The boy Elmer was actually torn from his father's arms and was dashed back into the cabin, which was full of water. There his body was subsequently found.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later, with a loud crash, the strong hull broke amidships into two parts. Fortunately all hands were gathered on the after portion, which held together and continued to pound and drift about for more than five hours. At length, about four o'clock in the morning of the eighteenth, it ceased to rise and fall. The castaways then knew that they must be close to the shore, but the weather was so thick that they could not discern the land. As they had no means of signaling, all they could do was to cling to their places and to send up an occasional cry of distress.

At three o'clock surfman Rasmus S. Midgett, of the Gull Shoal Station, set out on horseback to make the regular south patrol. When he reached a point about three quarters of a mile from the station, he discovered buckets, barrels, boxes, and

other articles coming ashore, which satisfied him that there was a wreck somewhere in the neighborhood. The surf was sweeping clear across the narrow strip or bank of sand which separates the ocean from Pamlico Sound, at times reaching to the saddle girths of his horse. The night was so intensely dark that he could scarcely tell where he was going. Nevertheless he knew that the patrol must be made at all hazards, and besides, the rapidly multiplying evidences of disaster urged him on. When he had traveled a little more than two miles farther, he thought that he detected the sound of voices. As he paused to listen, he caught the outcries of the shipwrecked men, but could see nothing either of them or of the wreck. He proceeded toward the edge of the bank whence he soon made out a part of a vessel, with the forms of several persons crouching upon it. It seemed about a hundred yards distant.

Here was a dilemma which called for the exercise of sound judgment and faultless courage. Midgett had consumed an hour and a half on his patrol before reaching the place, and to return to the station and bring back the life-saving crew was to sacrifice three hours more, when every moment was precious. On the other hand, to undertake to save the lives of the shipwrecked men without aid was perhaps to throw away his own life and leave them

utterly helpless until another patrol should be attempted, when all might have perished. Short time was spent in deliberation. He determined to do what he could alone and without delay.

A wave receded and Midgett ran down as close to the wreck as he dared. Thence he shouted to the men to jump overboard, one at a time. Each was to jump as the surf ran back and the surfman promised to rescue him.

The breakers rushed back about the bold man. He at once retreated to the highest part of the bank, there to watch for the critical moment. It came; the wave receded and Midgett darted forward with the cry, "Jump!" A sailor leaped overboard and Midgett seized and dragged him through the waves to shore. This act he repeated again and again until he had rescued seven men.

All this time there was grave danger that he and his burden might be caught by the breakers and swept out to sea. But now came far greater demands upon his courage and physical powers. There still remained upon the vessel three men so bruised and exhausted that they were unable to do as the others had done. But Midgett was not dismayed. To save these he must go right down into the sea close to the wreck, take them off, and carry them bodily to the beach. Down the steep bank into the very jaws of death three times he descended, and each time

dragged away a helpless man, and bore him up out of the angry waters to a place of safety. Ten lives saved were the priceless trophies of his valor. Seven of the men were still able to walk, and these he sent forward toward the station, while the other three he took to a safe place. Then, after giving his own coat to Captain Springsteen, he rode on to summon the aid of his comrades.

Keeper Pugh was on the beach when Midgett hove in sight. He heard the amazing story and at once ordered two of the surfmen to harness horses to their carts and proceed to bring up the disabled men. The other surfmen he directed to set up a stove in the sitting room and to make a variety of thoughtful preparations for the welcome of the castaways. Imagination could hardly picture a more wretched company. When the vessel first encountered the breakers they were all sound men, well clad, with their clothing securely fastened about them, but the terrible buffeting they had sustained had stripped them almost naked, and their bodies were bruised, bleeding, and swollen. The sorriest case, perhaps, was that of Captain Springsteen, who had received a ragged wound in the breast, inflicted by the deadly thrust of a rough piece of wreckage. As the poor fellows were kindly borne within the hospitable walls of the station, the surfmen quickly took them in hand, stripped off their torn clothing,

washed their bodies, gently dressed their wounds, clothed them in dry undergarments, and placed them in comfortable beds. It was the end of a noble

A Typical Life-Saving Station, showing Boat and Beach Apparatus Cart

day's work, worthy the admiration of the whole people of the United States. Midgett was subsequently awarded a gold life-saving medal of honor

by the Secretary of the Treasury, who transmitted with it a highly commendatory letter reciting the story of the brave man's heroism.

The schooner *Oliver Dyer* anchored at half past one on the morning of November 25, just inside the entrance to Portsmouth Harbor and about one-half mile northeast of Jerry's Point Station. The wind at that hour was northeast; the weather cloudy. The vessel was of Saco, Maine, and was bound for her home port. She was laden with coal, and had a crew of five men. As the wind was ahead, she put into Portsmouth for a harbor. Since there was a strong ebb tide and a scanty breeze, she was unable to reach the upper anchorage.

At sunset the wind was blowing a howling gale from the northeast; it had begun to snow heavily, while a tremendous surf had grown upon the shore. Keeper Harding feared that the vessels at anchor in sight of his station (of which there were three, including the *Dyer*) might drag their anchors or part their chains if the gale continued during the night. Consequently at sunset he displayed from the staff at his station the international code signal M T (signifying, "Lookout will be kept on the beach all night") to notify those on board the vessels that help would be at hand if required. Throughout the night a vigilant watch was maintained by the keeper

and his crew. Before dark, as a precautionary measure, the keeper took a heaving stick, with a long drift of line attached, to the patrol box upon the shore and deposited it there to be dry and ready for use.

At a quarter to six on the morning of the twenty-sixth, surfman Robinson saw a vessel dragging her anchors. He fired his Coston signal, and, hurrying to the station, gave the alarm at six. Keeper Harding at once called all hands, and then, with Robinson, ran to the shore. There, he discovered that the vessel reported had been brought up by her anchors, just clear of the breakers, about four hundred yards from the station, and two hundred yards offshore. She was laboring heavily. Notwithstanding the huge surf, the first thought was to launch the boat which was at hand upon the beach. As the attempt was about to be made, however, the keeper saw the vessel driving before the gale. Her chains had parted, and she must strike upon the ragged ledges east of the station, about one hundred and fifty feet offshore. The only hope of rescuing those on board lay now in the gun and line. Accordingly the beach apparatus was hurried to the scene. Meantime the vessel had stranded upon the ledges.

As the gun was about to be charged, a tremendous sea caught the vessel upon her broadside, and lifted her bodily, and threw her thirty or forty feet inshore. When the vessel struck upon the ledges,

the crew took to the fore and main rigging. As soon as the schooner brought up on the rocks, the sea boarded her for her entire length, fore and aft, and forged her shoreward. The first sea washed a man from the main rigging forty feet above the deck. The keeper says: "The truth is that when the first seas went over that vessel there was nothing of her in sight but her topmasts and lower mastheads, and it is a miracle that every soul was not washed into the sea."

It was thus seen that the gun and line could not be successfully operated, as the crew on board could not handle lines if thrown to them, so continually were the vessel's decks swept by the sea. Moreover, the vessel was rapidly coming on and had now worked shoreward to within fifty or seventy-five feet of a huge, flat rock. Although the rock was swept by heavy breakers, it was the only spot from which there was the least hope of rendering aid.

Harding grasped the situation on the instant, and at once decided to employ the heaving stick and line that he had judiciously placed the night before in the patrol box near by. The large, flat rock was reached by the life-saving crew between seas. Presently a man who had jumped from the wreck was seen struggling in the water. One of the life-saving crew leaped to the rescue and was helping him out, when, just as the rest of the crew were about to seize him,

Returning the Lifeboat to its Carriage

a huge breaker washed both the rescuers and the rescued from the rock. Fortunately they fell upon the inshore side, or all would have been swept out by the undertow and drowned. They, however, clung to the ragged edges of the rock, with bleeding hands and arms, and when the sea receded, they regained their footing. While this was going on, the vessel's cook jumped overboard. Surfman Randall saw him in the water, sprang to the rescue, caught him as he was being washed out by the undertow, and brought him safely to shore.

Two men now remained on board the wreck. The heaving stick, with the line attached, was thrown to them. When they had hold of it, the other end of the line was fastened to the hauling part, and the sailors were enabled to haul aboard a double line and provide themselves with a single part each. Keeper Harding then hailed them and told each to make the line he held fast around his body, under the armpits, and to jump overboard. This they did, and both were saved.

Having thus rescued all in sight, the keeper sent surfmen Randall and Amazeen to the rock to see if they could get sight of the man washed from the rigging. Nothing daunted by previous experience at this dangerous spot, the brave fellows had just succeeded in gaining a footing upon the rock, when a big sea took them off their feet. Amazeen caught

hold of Randall, and, as the sea rolled back, they clung to the rock and were saved. Their escape was narrow indeed, and when they were recovered from their peril by the rest of the crew, they were far gone with exhaustion.

Such were the services rendered by the Jerry's Point life-saving crew. Within thirty minutes from the stranding, the four survivors were safe at the station. That the fifth man of the *Dyer's* crew was lost was owing to no fault of the life-savers. He had fallen from the rigging into the sea outside of the schooner when she first struck, and was not seen afterwards.

It is not often that life-saving crews are called upon to perform service under such extraordinary circumstances as these. Such heroism has seldom been equaled. Every one of the life-savers came within an ace of losing his life, from the keeper down. While they were doing their utmost to save the crew of the wreck, they were in turn saving the lives of each other. Every time they went to that sea-combed rock upon their errand of mercy it was a forlorn hope, but they led it and conquered.

After a full review of the testimony, the Secretary of the Treasury awarded a gold medal to each life-saver, in recognition of his heroism.

Edited from reports of the United States
Life-Saving Service

THE FIREMAN

New Yorkers are justly proud of their firemen. Take it all in all, there is not, I think, to be found anywhere a body of men as fearless, as brave, and as efficient as the Fire Brigade of New York. I have known it well for twenty years, and I speak from a personal acquaintance with very many of its men, and from a professional knowledge of their daring feats and hairbreadth escapes.

It is hard to avoid giving the impression that recklessness is a chief quality in the fireman's make-up. That is not true. His life is too full of real peril for him to expose it recklessly — that is to say, needlessly. From the time when he leaves his quarters in answer to an alarm until he returns, he takes a risk that may at any moment set him face to face with death in its most cruel form. He needs nothing so much as a clear head; and nothing is prized so highly, nothing puts him so surely in the line of promotion; for as he advances in rank and responsibility, the lives of others as well as his own, come to depend on his judgment. The act of conspicuous daring which the world applauds is oftenest to the fireman a matter of simple duty that had to be done in that way because there was no other.

In the Fire Department the battalion chief leads; he does not direct operations from a safe position in the rear. Perhaps this is one of the secrets of the indomitable spirit of his men. Whatever hardships they have to endure, his is the first and the biggest share. Next in line comes the captain, or foreman, as he is called.

In the chief's quarters of the Fourteenth Battalion up in Wakefield there sits to-day a man, still young in years, who in his maimed body but unbroken spirit bears noble testimony to the quality of New York's fire fighters. He is Thomas J. Ahearn, who led his company as captain to a fire in the Consolidated Gas Works on the East Side. He found one of the buildings ablaze. Far toward the rear, at the end of a narrow lane, around which the fire swirled and arched itself, white and wicked, lay the body of a man — dead, said the panic-stricken crowd. His sufferings had been brief. A worse fate threatened all, unless the fire was quickly put out. There were underground reservoirs of naphtha — the ground was honeycombed with them — that might explode at any moment with the fire raging overhead. The peril was instant and great. Captain Ahearn looked at the body, and saw it stir. The watch chain upon the man's vest rose and fell as if he were breathing.

"He is not dead," he said. "I am going to get that man out." And he crept down the lane of fire,

unmindful of the hidden dangers, seeing only the man who was perishing. The flames scorched him; they blocked his way; but he came through alive, and brought out his man, so badly hurt, however, that he died in the hospital that day. The Board of Fire Commissioners gave Ahearn the medal for bravery and made him chief.

Within a year he all but lost his life in a gallant attempt to save the life of a child who was supposed to be penned in a burning Rivington Street tenement. Chief Ahearn's quarters were near by, and he was first on the ground. A desperate man confronted him in the hallway. "My child! my child!" he cried, and wrung his hands. "Save him! He is in there." He pointed to the back room. It was black with smoke. In the front room the fire was raging. Crawling on hands and feet, the chief made his way into the room the man had pointed out. He groped under the bed, and in it, but found no child there. Satisfied that it had escaped, he started to return. The smoke had grown so thick that breathing was no longer possible, even at the floor. The chief drew his coat over his head, and made a dash for the hall door. He reached it only to find that the spring lock had snapped shut. The door knob burned his hand. The fire burst through from the front room, and seared his face. With a last effort, he kicked the panel out of the

door, and put his head through. And then he knew no more.

His men found him lying so when they came looking for him. The coat was burned off his back, and of his hat only the wire rim remained. He lay ten months in the hospital, and came out deaf and wrecked physically. At the age of forty-five the board retired him to the quiet of the country district, with resolutions of appreciation.

Firemen are athletes as a matter of course. They have to be, or they could not hold their places for a week, even if they could get into them at all. The mere handling of the scaling ladders, which, light though they seem, weigh from sixteen to forty pounds, requires unusual strength. No particular skill is needed. A man need only have steady nerve, and the strength to raise the long pole by its narrow end, and jam the iron hook through a window which he cannot see but knows is there. Once through, the teeth in the hook and the man's weight upon the ladder hold it safe, and there is no real danger, unless he loses his head. Against that possibility the severe drill in the school of instruction is the barrier. Any one to whom climbing at dizzy heights, or doing the hundred and one things of peril to ordinary men which firemen are constantly called upon to do, causes the least discomfort, is rejected as unfit. About five per cent of all appointees are

Hose and Ladder to the Rescue

eliminated by the ladder test, and never get beyond their probation service. A certain smaller percentage takes itself out through loss of "nerve" generally. The first experience of a room full of smothering smoke, with the fire roaring overhead, is generally sufficient to convince the timid that the service is not for him. No cowards are dismissed from the department, for the reason that none get into it.

Every fireman nowadays must pass muster at life-saving drill, must climb to the top of any building on his scaling ladder, slide down with a rescued comrade, or jump without hesitation from the third story into the life net spread below. By such training the men are fitted for their work, and the occasion comes soon that puts them to the test. It came to Daniel J. Meagher, of Hook and Ladder Company No. 3, when, in the midnight hour, a woman hung from the fifth-story window of a burning building, and the longest ladder at hand fell short ten or a dozen feet of reaching her. There were no scaling ladders then. Meagher ordered the rest to plant the ladder on the stoop and hold it out from the building so that he might reach the very topmost step. Balanced thus where the slightest tremor might have caused ladder and all to crash to the ground, he bade the woman drop, and receiving her in his arms, carried her down safely.

No one but an athlete with muscles and nerves of steel could have performed such a feat, or that which made Dennis Ryer, of the crew of Engine No. 36, famous three years ago. That was on Seventh Avenue at One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street. A flat was on fire, and the tenants had fled; but one, a woman, bethought herself of her parrot, and went back for it, to find escape by the stairs cut off when she again attempted to reach the street. With the parrot cage, she appeared at the top-floor window framed in smoke, calling for help. Again there was no ladder to reach. There were neighbors on the roof with a rope, but the woman was too frightened to use it herself. Dennis Ryer made it fast about his own waist, and bade the others to let him down, and to hold on for life. He drew the woman out, but she was heavy, and it was all they could do above to hold them. To pull them over the cornice was out of the question. Upon the highest step of the ladder, many feet below, stood Ryer's father, himself a fireman of another company, and saw his boy's peril.

"Hold fast, Dennis!" he shouted. "If you fall, I will catch you." Had they let go, all three would have been killed. The young fireman saw the danger, and the one door of escape, with a glance. The window before which he swung, half smothered by the smoke that belched from it, was the last in the house. Just beyond, in the window of the

adjoining house, was safety, if he could but reach it. Putting out a foot, he kicked the wall, and made himself swing toward it, once, twice, bending his body to add to the motion. The third time he all but passed it, and took a mighty grip on the affrighted woman, shouting into her ear to loose her hold at the same time. As they passed the window on the fourth trip, he thrust her through sash and all with a supreme effort, and himself followed on the next rebound, while the street, that was black with a surging multitude, rang with a mighty cheer. Old Washington Ryer, on his ladder, threw his cap in the air, and cheered louder than all the rest. But the parrot was dead—frightened to death, very likely, or smothered.

I once asked fireman Martin M. Coleman, after one of those exhibitions of coolness and courage that thrust him constantly upon the notice of the newspaper men, what he thought of when he stood upon the ladder, with this thing before him to do that might mean life or death the next moment. He looked at me in some perplexity.

"Think?" he said slowly. "Why, I don't think. There's no time to. If I'd stopped to think, five people would 'a' been burned. No, I don't think of danger. If it is anything, it is that—up there—I am boss. The rest are not in it."

Doubtless there is something in the spectacular side of the fireman's life that attracts. It would be

strange if there were not. Day and night the fireman leads a kind of hair-trigger life. Try as they may to give him enough to do in quarters, the time hangs heavily upon his hands, keyed up as he is to adventurous deeds at shortest notice. He falls to grumbling and quarreling, and the necessity becomes imperative of holding him to the strictest discipline, under which he chafes impatiently. "They nag like a lot of old women," said Department Chief Bonner to me once, "and the best at a fire are often the worst in the house." In the midst of it all the gong strikes a familiar signal. The horses' hoofs thunder on the planks; with a leap the men go down the shining pole to the main floor, all else forgotten; and with crash and clatter and bang, the heavy engine swings into the street, and races away on a wild gallop, leaving a trail of fire behind.

Presently the crowd sees rubber-coated, helmeted men with pipe and hose go through a window from which such dense smoke pours forth that it seems incredible that a human being could breathe it for a second and live. The hose is dragged squirming over the sill, where shortly a red-eyed face with disheveled hair appears to shout something hoarsely to those below, which they understand. Then, unless some emergency arise, the spectacular part is over. Could the citizen whose heart beat as he watched them enter, see them now, he would see grimy

shapes, very unlike the fine-looking men who but just now had roused his admiration, crawling on hands and knees, with their noses close to the floor if the smoke be very dense, ever pointing the "pipe" in the direction where the enemy is expected to appear. The fire is the enemy; but he can fight that, once he reaches it, with something of a chance. The smoke kills without giving him a show to fight back. Long practice toughens him against it, until he learns the trick of "eating the smoke." He can breathe where a candle goes out for want of oxygen. By holding his mouth close to the nozzle, he gets what little the stream of water brings with it and sets free; and within a few inches of the floor there is nearly always a current of air. In the last emergency, there is the hose that he can follow out.

Firemen dread cellar fires more than any other kind, and with reason. It is difficult to make a vent for the smoke, and the danger of drowning is added to that of being smothered when they get fairly to work. If a man is lost to sight or touch of his fellows there for ever so brief a while, there are five chances to one that he will not again be seen alive. Then there ensues such a fight as the city witnessed only last May at the burning of a Chambers Street paper warehouse. It was fought out deep underground, with fire and flood, freezing cold and poisonous gases, leagued against Chief Bonner's forces. Next

door was a cold-storage house, whence the cold. Something that was burning gave forth the smothering fumes before which the firemen went down in squads. File after file staggered out into the street, blackened and gasping, to drop there. The near engine house was made into a hospital, where the senseless men were laid on straw hastily spread. Ambulance surgeons worked over them. As fast as they were brought to, they went back to bear a hand in the work of rescue. In delirium they fought to return. Down in the depths one of their number was lying helpless.

There is nothing finer in the records of glorious war than the story of the struggle these brave fellows kept up for hours against tremendous odds for the rescue of their comrade. Time after time they went down into the pit of deadly smoke, only to fail. Lieutenant Banta tried twice and failed. Fireman King was pulled up senseless, and having been brought round, went down once more. Fireman Sheridan returned empty-handed, more dead than alive. John O'Connell, of Truck No. 1, at length succeeded in reaching his comrade and tying a rope about him, while from above they drenched both with water to keep them from roasting. They drew up a dying man; but John G. Reinhardt dead is more potent than a whole crew of firemen alive. The story of the fight for his life will long be told in the engine houses

of New York, and will nerve the Kings and the Sheridans and the O'Connells of another day to like deeds.

How firemen manage to hear in their sleep the right signal, while they sleep right through any call that concerns the next company, not them, is one of the mysteries that will probably always remain unsolved. "I don't know," said Department Chief Bonner, when I asked him once. "I guess it is the same way with everybody. You hear what you have to hear. There is a gong right over my bed at home, and I hear every stroke of it, but I don't hear the baby. My wife hears the baby if it as much as stirs in its crib, but not the gong." Very likely he is right. The fact that the fireman can hear and count correctly the strokes of the gong in his sleep has meant life to many hundreds, and no end of property saved; for it is in the early moments of a fire that it can be dealt with summarily.

While I am writing this, the morning paper that is left at my door tells the story of a fireman who, laid up with a broken ankle in an uptown hospital, jumped out of bed, forgetting his injury, when an alarm gong rang his signal, and tried to go to the fire. The fire alarms are rung in the hospitals for the information of the ambulance corps. The crippled fireman heard the signal at the dead of night, and, only half awake, jumped out of bed, groped about for the sliding-pole, and, getting hold of the bedpost,

tried to slide down that. The plaster cast about his ankle was broken and he was seriously hurt.

An instance of great resource as well as intrepid courage and athletic skill stands out in my recollection among many. Fireman Howe was the hero. It happened on the morning of January 2, 1896, when the Geneva Club on Lexington Avenue was burned out. Fireman Howe drove Hook and Ladder No. 7 to the fire that morning, to find two boarders at the third-story window, hemmed in by flames which already showed behind them. Followed by fireman Pearl, he ran up in the adjoining building, and presently appeared at a window on the third floor, separated from the one occupied by the two men by a blank wall space of perhaps four or five feet. It offered no other footing than a rusty hook, but it was enough. Astride of the window sill, with one foot upon the hook, the other anchored inside by his comrade, his body stretched at full length along the wall, Howe was able to reach the two, and to swing them one after the other, through his own window to safety. As the second went through, the crew in the street below set up a cheer that raised the sleeping echoes of the street. Howe looked down, nodded, and took a firmer grip; and that instant came his great peril.

A third face had appeared at the window just as the fire swept through. Howe shut his eyes to shield

them, and braced himself on the hook for a last effort. It broke; and the man, frightened out of his wits, threw himself headlong from the window upon Howe's neck.

The fireman's form bent and swayed. His comrade within felt the strain and dug his heels into the boards. He was almost dragged out of the window, but held on with a supreme effort. Just as he thought the end had come, he felt the strain ease up. The ladder had reached Howe in the very nick of time and given him support. But in his desperate effort to save himself and the other, he slammed his burden back over his shoulder with such force that he went crashing through, carrying sash and all, and fell, cut and bruised, but safe, upon fireman Pearl, who groveled upon the floor, prostrate and panting.

"Like a cry of fire in the night" appeals to the dullest imagination with a sense of sudden fear. There have been nights in this city when the cry swelled into such a clamor of terror and despair as to make the stoutest heart quake. Such a night promised to be the one when Manhattan Bank and the State Bank across the street on the other Broadway corner were burned, and when the ominous "two nines" were rung, calling nine tenths of the whole force below Central Park to the threatened quarter. But, happily, the promise was not kept. The supposed fireproof bank was crumbling in the

withering blast like so much paper; the cry went up that whole companies of firemen were perishing within it; and the alarm had reached Police Headquarters in the next block, where they were counting the election returns. Thirteen firemen limped or were carried from the burning bank, more or less injured. The stone steps of the fireproof stairs had fallen with them or upon them. Their imperiled comrades, whose escape was cut off, slid down hose and scaling ladders. The last, the crew of Engine Company No. 3, had reached the street, and all were thought to be out, when the assistant foreman, Daniel Fitzmaurice, appeared at a fifth-story window. The fire beating against it drove him away, but he found footing at another, next adjoining the building on the north. To reach him from below, with the whole building ablaze, was impossible. Other escape there was none, save a cornice ledge extending half-way to his window; but it was too narrow to afford foothold.

Then an extraordinary scene was enacted in the sight of thousands. In the other building were a number of fire-insurance patrolmen, covering goods to protect them against water damage. One of these — patrolman John Rush — stepped out on the ledge, and edged his way toward a spur of stone that projected from the bank building. Behind followed patrolman Barnett, steadying him and pressing him

close against the wall. Behind him was another, with still another holding on within the room, where the living chain was anchored by all the rest. Rush, at the end of the ledge, leaned over and gave Fitzmaurice his hand. The fireman grasped it, and edged out upon the spur. Barnett, holding the rescuer fast, gave him what he needed — something to cling to. Once he was on the ledge, the chain wound itself up as it had unwound itself. Slowly, inch by inch, it crept back, each man pushing the next flat against the wall with might and main, while the multitudes in the street held their breath, and the very engines stopped panting, until all were safe.

That the spirit which has made New York's Fire Department great animates the fire-insurance patrolman in an equal degree has been shown more than once, but never better than at the memorable fire in the Hotel Royal, in February, 1892. The alarm rang in patrol station No. 3 at 3.20 o'clock on Sunday morning. Sergeant Vaughan, hastening to the fire with his men, found the whole five-story hotel ablaze from roof to cellar. The fire had shot up the elevator shaft, round which the stairs ran, and from the first had made escape impossible. Men and women were jumping and hanging from windows. One, falling from a great height, came within an inch of killing the sergeant as he tried to enter the building. Darting up into the next house, and leaning out of

the window with his whole body, while one of the crew hung on to one leg, — as fireman Pearl did to Howe's in the heroic rescue at the Geneva Club, — he took a half hitch with the other in some electric-light wires that ran up the wall, trusting to his rubber boots to protect him from the current, and made of his body a living bridge for the safe passage from the last window of the burning hotel of three men and a woman whom death stared in the face, steadying them as they went with his free hand. As the last passed over, ladders were being thrown up against the wall, and what could be done there was done.

Sergeant Vaughan went up on the roof. The smoke was so dense there that he could see little, but through it he heard a cry for help, and made out the shape of a man standing upon a window sill in the fifth story, overlooking the courtyard of the hotel. The yard was between them. Bidding his men follow, — there were five, all told, — he ran down and around in the next street to the roof of the house that formed an angle with the hotel wing. There stood the man below him, only a jump away, but a jump which no mortal might take and live. His face and hands were black with smoke. Vaughan, looking down, thought him a negro. He was perfectly calm.

"It is no use," he said, glancing up. "Don't try. You can't do it."

The sergeant looked wistfully about him. Not a stick or a piece of rope was in sight. Every shred was used below. There was absolutely nothing. "But I could n't let him," he said to me, months after, when he had come out of the hospital a whole man again, and was back at work,— "I just could n't, standing there so quiet and brave." To the man he said sharply: "I want you to do exactly as I tell you, now. Don't grab me, but let me get the first grab." He had noticed that the man wore a heavy overcoat, and had already laid his plan.

"Don't try," urged the man. "You cannot save me. I will stay here till it gets too hot; then I will jump."

"No, you won't," said the sergeant, as he lay at full length on the roof, looking over. "It is a pretty hard yard down there. I will get you, or go dead myself."

The four men sat on the sergeant's legs as he swung free down to the waist; so he was almost able to reach the man on the window with outstretched hands.

"Now jump — quick!" he commanded; and the man jumped. He caught him by both wrists as directed, and the sergeant got a grip on the collar of his coat.

"Hoist!" he shouted to the four on the roof; and they tugged with all their might. The sergeant's body did not move. Bending over till the

back creaked, it hung over the edge, a weight of two hundred and three pounds suspended from it and holding it down. The cold sweat started upon his men's foreheads as they tried and tried again, without gaining an inch. Sixty feet below Sergeant Vaughan was the paved courtyard; over against him the window, behind which he saw the back draft coming, gathering headway with lurid, swirling smoke. Now it burst through, burning the hair and the coats of the two. For an instant he thought all hope was gone.

But in a flash it came back to him. To relieve the terrible dead weight that wrenched and tore at his muscles, he was swinging the man to and fro like a pendulum, head touching head. He could *swing him up!* A smothered shout warned his men. They crept nearer the edge without letting go their grip on him, and watched with staring eyes the human pendulum swing wider and wider, farther and farther, until now, with a mighty effort, it swung within their reach. They caught the skirt of the coat, held on, pulled in, and in a moment lifted him over the edge.

They lay upon the roof, all six, breathless, sightless, their faces turned to the winter sky. The tumult of the street came up as a faint echo; the spray of a score of engines pumping below fell upon them, froze, and covered them with ice. The very

roar of the fire seemed far off. The sergeant was the first to recover. He carried down the man he had saved, and saw him sent off to the hospital. Then first he noticed that he was not a negro; the smut had been rubbed off his face. Monday had dawned before he came to, and days passed before he knew his rescuer. Sergeant Vaughan was laid up himself then. He had returned to work, and finished it; but what he had gone through was too much for human strength. It was spring before he returned to his quarters, to find himself promoted and made much of.

JACOB A. RIIS

Such whole-souled devotion to duty has made the New York Fire Department great. And it is no less the spirit which animates the firemen everywhere throughout the cities of our broad land.

THE DYING FIREMAN

I am the mash'd fireman with breastbone broken,
Tumbling walls buried me in their débris,
Heat and smoke I inspired, I heard the yelling shouts of my comrades.
I heard the distant click of their picks and shovels,
They have cleared the beams away, they tenderly lift me forth.

I lie in the night air in my red shirt, the pervading hush is for my sake,
Painless after all I lie, exhausted but not so unhappy,
White and beautiful are the faces around me, the heads are bare of their fire caps,
The kneeling crowd fades with the light of the torches.

WALT WHITMAN

THE ENGINEER AT SEA

Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam.

RUDYARD KIPLING

We have read of the superb service rendered by the engineer on land in the article on the Gunnison Tunnel. Has the engineer, when at sea, opportunities in which to play the man? Most assuredly. Year after year the engineer and boiler maker are called upon "to brave dangers before which the stoutest heart might well quail, and to brave them calmly and coolly, without the stimulus of excitement which in battle carries everything along, and often makes a fictitious hero of a natural coward."

[1] Before the fast steamship *City of Paris* had changed her name to the *Paris*, she met, on one of her eastward trips, with an accident which imperiled the thousand lives aboard her, and kept many more people on two continents in a state of anxious suspense for several days.

The steamer was making what promised to be a record-breaking run. It was half past five in the evening of the day before that on which she was expected to steam gayly into Queenstown Harbor.

[1] Reprinted, by permission, from the *Century Magazine*.

That moment, with a smooth sea and a clear sky, there was a sudden crash of machinery and timber, an outpour of steam from the engine-room hatches, a trembling of the ship from stem to stern, an almost immediate list to starboard, and on deck the sharp command, "Clear the lifeboats!"

Seven men, engineers and "greasemen," had rushed up from the engine room to escape the scalding steam and flying machinery. What had happened, none of them could tell. But what was happening? Far down below there was still a crashing and thrashing, as if everything were being smashed to pieces. Into that roaring, steaming hell there plunged a man. A few moments later the uproar had ceased, and he emerged again. He had stopped the machinery, and as investigation showed, probably saved the ship.

The engine room was a water-tight compartment; in fact, two water-tight compartments in one; for a steel bulkhead separated the starboard from the port engine, and it was supposed that, with this arrangement, whatever might happen to one engine, the other would remain intact. But the accident to the *Paris* was one that wrought havoc with all the calculation of human ingenuity. The starboard engine had broken. Its wreck continued revolving. Part of this wreck was a broken rod, which acted like a giant flail, beating down everything in its way,

among other things battering and breaking through the steel bulkhead between the two engines.

It was the destructive work of this flail that John Gill, one of the second assistant engineers, checked when he shut off the steam. Some of the broken pieces of machinery had already dropped below. Had they been followed by other and more massive portions, which doubtless would have smashed through the bottom of the ship, she would probably have sunk like an iron pot. When, at the imminent risk of his own life, Gill stopped the machinery, he saved the ship and the souls it bore. He is now one of the chief engineers of the American Line.

GUSTAV KOBBÉ

[1] The duty of the boiler makers on warships is of the most dangerous nature. In action, between actions, and out of action the repairs that they are called upon at a moment's notice to effect are sufficient to send a chill of fear through the hearts of most men. They will creep inside a boiler or furnace which, but a few moments before, had been full of boiling liquid or red-hot coals. They will screw up nuts, and fasten bolts, or repair leaking pipes or joints in places that other men would consider impossible to approach. These men are heroes.

[1] Reprinted, by permission, from the Toledo *Blade*.

The *Castine*, when she went to batter the walls of San Juan, carried on board three of these boiler makers. The *Castine* went into action under full steam with her triple screws revolving at the fullest speed. The furnaces were heated almost to white heat, and the forced draft was urging the flames to greater heat, the boiling water to the higher production of steam, the engines to increasing revolutions. Suddenly, without warning, far down in the furnace hole, amid the din of battle, there arose a fierce, hissing noise inside one of the furnaces. Those who heard it trembled, as no shot or shell had power to make them tremble.

A socket bolt at the very farthest interior extremity of the furnace had become loose. A leak had been sprung; the steam was pouring in upon the fire. In a few moments it would stop the progress of the ship, if it did not have the more awful effect of causing a terrible explosion and annihilation.

The faces of the men below blanched beneath the grime that covered them. None knew what to do, save to wait the coming of the shock they knew must come.

None? Nay, but there was one! The first to pull himself together was boiler maker Huntley.

One instant of startled horror — then, without hesitation, with stern-set jaws and fierce determination on every line of face and form, "Turn off the forced draft!" he cried.

"Goodness, Huntley, what are you going to do?"

"Bank the fire! Quick!"

"It's certain death!"

"For one — unless, for all! Turn off the draft! Bank the fire!"

The orders were carried out feverishly.

"Now a plank!"

And before they could stop him this hero had flung the plank into the furnace, right on top of the black coal with which it was banked, and had crawled over the ragged mass, far back to where the steam was rushing like some hissing devil from the loosened socket.

For three minutes he remained inside that fearful place, and then the work was done — the ship was saved — and his friends drew him out at the door. The forced draft went to its work again, and in an instant the furnace was once more raging.

But what of Huntley? Scorched, scalded, insensible, well-nigh dead, he lay upon the iron floor of the furnace room. Around him stood his mates dousing him with water, and using every known means for resuscitation.

He did not die, but when once more he opened his eyes, there arose such cheers from the throats of those dirty, grimy mates as never greeted taking of city or sinking of fleet.

The story is briefly chronicled in the log of the

Castine, and Huntley simply claims that he "did his duty." But while the United States remains a nation, when her heroes are spoken of, one name should never be omitted — that of boiler maker Huntley, of Norfolk, Virginia.

The fact that Huntley's act of heroism occurred while the *Castine* was in action is quite aside from the mark. Huntley's devotion to duty was of such a quality as held him ready at all times and under all emergencies to act as he did.

The deed of MacAllister, in the following incident, gives further testimony to the unparalleled devotion of engineers.

[1] It was a proud day for MacAllister when he came out from the Board room after three days of examination, with a broad grin of triumph on his face and his hard-won certificate as chief engineer in his hand. Only ten years before he had been a vagrant in Brooklyn's great marine hospital, the Erie Basin, where the sick ships come in from the seven seas to be made strong and well again. Thence it had been a steady climb for the ambitious youngster; first the *Gourock*, a rusty British tramp, with a set of Scotchmen aboard who never let pass opportunity for a kick or a cuff directed at the little Yankee

[1] Reprinted, by permission, from *McClure's Magazine*.

"monkey," as greasers are called; then five years' shop apprenticeship in Liverpool for his engineer's certificate; and then the joy of his first berth when he went to the *Climax* in the place of McGill, the third engineer.

Bolton and Perkins had promised him the command of the *Climax's* engine room when he should have passed the Board.

"She's not such a great thing," said the head of the firm, "but ye'll be glad of her to begin on. She finishes loading to-night, and what with new tubes in that boiler—what d'ye think of her, Mac? what'll she do?"

"Five knots, I should think. It depends."

"She'll do more than that. She's got to. Ye must get six or seven knots out of her, MacAllister," interjected Bolton. "Here it is September ninth, and the McKinley Bill goes into effect in America at midnight on October fourth. We have Sumatra tobacco aboard, the duty on which will be advanced a dollar and twenty-five cents a pound, and cutlery from Sheffield with an increase almost as high, and thousands of pounds of other dutiable stuff in the bargain, that is going to be increased beyond all reason. Space on all the big liners due to reach New York before the act goes into effect has been filled at seven times the usual rates, and now they've come down on us. We've got the *Climax* filled

full, aye, and a deck load amidships. An ye can get her over in time, we are rich — MacAllister, what say ye?"

"Six knots, eh?" mused MacAllister. "Six knots out of the *Climax*."

"She has some new boiler tubes, MacAllister."

"Well, we can try," said MacAllister, "if it's in her, I'll get it out of her, certain."

"Ye start at sunrise to-morrow, then," said Bolton. "Spare nothing. Remember, October fourth, at midnight. We have had Captain McWilliams here. At sunrise to-morrow; and, Mac, one thing more; the *Gourock*, of Jones and Fry, leaves to-morrow at the same hour, with the same class of cargo and on the same mission as the *Climax*. Ye may not beat her, but she must n't beat ye, MacAllister."

MacAllister closed his mouth tight. He remembered the *Gourock*, and he remembered the Scotch captain and the Scotch chief engineer and the crew, all of whom had made it so hard for him years ago when he was a greaser on her — who made it so hard for him because he was a Yankee. No; the *Gourock* should not beat him! — not while his engines held together. But what a race — the old *Gourock* and the old *Climax* — a great race between two iron pots with clockworks. This figure so pleased MacAllister that he uttered it aloud to the partners, who snorted and waved him out of the office.

"Remember, October fourth, at midnight," they said.

"Aye," said MacAllister. "Good-by."

So it was that next day's sun, risen scarce five hours, found the rusty, bluff-bowed *Climax* approaching Daunts Rock with the greasy, blood-red flag of Britain dimly showing through the pall of black smoke driving aft from the funnel. About a mile ahead wallowed the *Gourock*.

When MacAllister was not in the engine room, he was on the bridge with Captain McWilliams. He was in the engine room most of the time, and he slept about four hours out of the twenty-four. At her best, the *Climax* had never done the trip in less than sixteen days, and that was twenty years ago. This time she had twenty-four days, little enough leeway, considering the possibility of delay by storm or through breakage in the ancient machinery. Yet MacAllister had faith in these old engines; he was something of a dreamer, and he played with strange fancies that the spirit of all machinery was something tangible, and that to it his spirit had spoken of the need of more power, of more speed, and of what it would all mean. There is nothing like the dark engine room of a snoring old tramp to make you feel things. It was in the *Climax's* tunnel that he felt these things most strongly, — that long, dark passageway in the bowels of the vessel where

the shaft, turning on its bearings, runs out from the engines through the stuffing box to the screw outside. Hourly trips must be taken through this tunnel to see that the bearings had not become red-hot, and MacAllister had found a greaser asleep here the night of the second day out. This coming as a climax to his overwrought mind, he thenceforth allowed no one to tour the tunnel but the second and third engineers. But most of the time he did the tour himself, because somehow he loved to be there groping along the dark, damp, oily passageway, with his lantern swaying in front of him, — feeling the bearings and listening to the noises which, among the multitude of the *Climax's* sounds, he loved the most. The spirit of his engines he heard in there — in the dark, and alone.

Thus MacAllister lived with his engines, his spirit fluctuating with their every mood and temper. Hour by hour he would work among them, thanking God for the great, steady, powerful pushing of the connecting rods and pistons, and the irresistible whirl of the cranks and throws. Sometimes they would hobble slowly, but on the whole they were doing their work well. They were averaging at the best six knots hourly.

It was the night of the twelfth day, and everything was going forward. Far astern could be seen the dim, plunging lights of the *Gourock*, and despite a

northwest September gale, the hearts of the skipper and the chief engineer were light.

"I think that we'll make it, boy," said McWilliams, holding to the bridge rail with one hand and using the other as a trumpet to carry his voice into MacAllister's ear. "She drops a little once in a while, but I think we'll make it."

"Aye, maybe," replied the chief, "it's a racketing they're getting this night, though, those engines. It's a mighty stiff racketing they're getting. Hear that screw race."

It was a racketing those engines were getting, truly, for the *Climax* was in a jumping seaway that would racket anything. The two men, with their sou'westers drawn tight down and their yellow slickers glistening in the rain, peered anxiously into the darkness. How black it was!

"Umph," said McWilliams, "a nasty night, MacAllister. If the engines—"

He stopped and gripped the engineer's arm. MacAllister's face had gone a sickly yellow.

A sound was roaring up from the very soul of the ship, like the sound of a great oak, riven by lightning and falling. The next instant came the frightful whir of the engines, released from their strain of pushing the steamship and racing free.

"The shaft has gone," shouted MacAllister, jumping from the ladder as the *Climax* fell off into the

trough of the sea. In ten seconds he was in the engine room shouting to his assistants, who had stopped the engines an instant after the break. As MacAllister had said, the tunnel shaft had snapped; snapped clean, right in the middle of the tunnel, and the two ends were battering the floor, as the vessel fell off and rolled in the sea hollows. It would be death to venture in there before the ship's head had been brought up into the seas. For two hours she wallowed, then, slowly, she swung up, under the control of a sea anchor which McWilliams and his crew had succeeded in streaming. The captain came down into the engine room.

"Well, it's over, I should say, Mac," he groaned. "We're a log in the sea, until we get a tow."

"I don't know," said MacAllister, "we're going to try to fix it." Try! He was *going* to fix it; they were racing the *Gourock*.

He already had his men passing chains under the two broken ends; the chains were then suspended from the roof of the tunnel, bringing the two ends to a level. No sooner was this done than MacAllister, in spite of the plunging of the ship and the probability of the chains' letting go their burden, crawled in under the break and began to take hurried measurements.

"Good heavens," ejaculated the captain, "come out of there, Mac. It's not worth it."

But MacAllister could n't hear him; it would have made no difference if he had heard. He was under there half an hour — until he completed his measurements for a collar to be fastened over the break. The rest of the night he spent in making the collar, and when it was finished at ten o'clock the next morning, he went up on deck to see the *Gourock* go by. How she bit the waves as she plunged past, and what a triumphant scream of her siren was flung back as a jeer at the poor old *Climax!* White with rage, Captain McWilliams seized the whistle cord and jerked until even the roar of the storm was shattered by the volume of sound pouring out of the *Climax's* brazen whistle. The *Gourock* replied with several small toots; — it was as acrimonious a dialogue as two vessels ever indulged in.

MacAllister went down to his work with a grim smile. Twelve hours he spent on his back underneath the two swaying ends of the broken shaft, and four hours, cramped in a squatting position in the narrow space. At the end of forty-eight hours he had bolted the jacket in place, and then he emerged from the tunnel and toppled over on the engine-room floor, asleep even as he fell. When he came to himself, he was in his bunk, and the first impression he had was of a vast groaning and clanging down in the *Climax's* vitals, which told him his engines were performing their work once more.

Then the *Climax* went on her way, the collar holding, and the engines doing all the work that MacAllister could expect, and more, too. From this time there were few minutes that he was not amongst them, sometimes in the tunnel, but more often — now that the shaft might break again — with his ear against the bulkhead door, listening to the sounds within, almost pleading with the great shaft to be strong and to do its work.

Five days later the captain called him to the bridge to look at a strange object dead ahead. The hull resembled that of the *Gourock*, but there were points of dissimilarity which rendered the matter uncertain.

"It must be the *Gourock*," said McWilliams, straining his eyes through the battered binoculars. "But she looks queer. Take another look, Mac. She ought to be somewhere ahead."

MacAllister pressed the glasses to his eyes, took a long, hard look, and then uttered a howl of joy as the glasses fell with a crash.

"Whoop! Aye, it 's the *Gourock!*" he screamed, "and she 's lost her funnel. Rolled it clean overboard. Look!"

It was even so. Evidently the storm of the two days back had swept it overboard, and there she lay, gasping and wheezing like a stranded whale.

"I 'll sympathize with them," said McWilliams,

grimly seizing the whistle cord. The *Gourock* was silent, her whistle had gone with the funnel.

"Now for it," muttered MacAllister, going below.

Now for it, indeed. Sandy Hook was four days away, and the *Climax* had but a few hours to spare. Even at that, the old vessel must keep pushing. So she did until nine hours after the *Gourock* had been left astern, and then MacAllister began to detect a new note in the chorus of the engine room. He could n't tell what it was, but that it was discordant, not in harmony with the spirit of his engines, was clear. Hopeless, pessimistic, jarring, it rose and grew, an alien note for those brave, clattering old engines to send up. The *Climax* was logging miserably, and the screw seemed to be putting barely sufficient power in her kick to whiten the water.

For twenty-four hours the *Climax* did not average more than three knots hourly, and the time limit was rapidly drawing to a close. Let her once fall behind, and it would make little difference whether or not she reached port at all. MacAllister was aging rapidly. He had his suspicions as to what the matter was, but said nothing until he had investigated thoroughly. Then he went up on the bridge. In answer to McWilliams's questioning look, the engineer shrugged his shoulders.

"I have had the fire pulled out from under the

main boiler." McWilliams kicked out a section of the handrail.

"Tubes?" he finally asked.

"Aye, leaky tubes," said MacAllister.

"But we can't lose now," groaned McWilliams. "Can't we do anything?"

"We're a-goin' to try," replied the engineer. "I'm a-goin' into that boiler. If it can be fixed, we'll fix it. But it's me for the fiery furnace all right."

McWilliams stared at him as he made his way from the bridge, and then turned his gaze astern as though he expected to see the *Gourock* rushing up over the ocean. But she was nowhere in sight.

Half an hour later, MacAllister, wrapped from head to foot in a coating of asbestos, approached the manhole of the boiler. He put in his hand, holding it there for five minutes.

"Not so hot. I guess I can stand it. When I come near the opening, stand by to haul me out," he said to his assistants.

Then, with chisel and hammer in hand, he went into that hellish boiler and began tearing out the defective tubes. He worked for a minute, holding his breath in the meanwhile — a single lungful of that hot, rust-laden air would have killed him. Then he came out. Seven minutes later he went in again. He cut away two tubes before he was hauled out. The next time four tubes were removed, and then

he took a ten minutes' rest. He had cut out all the defective tubes, and now new tubes to replace them must be reamed in. In doing this, he was obliged to enter the boiler five times, staying in each time a full minute. As the last tube was fixed, he was hauled unconscious from the manhole and carried on deck. He did not know that the *Gourock* had passed three hours before, with a funnel rigged up out of sheets of tin and pieces of junk, held together by wisps of old sails, twine, and rope-ends, and stayed by lines made fast to the mast and rails, — such a wonderful sight that Captain McWilliams's whistle forgot to blow as she waddled past like an old woman.

So MacAllister was carried to his bunk, where he lay for many hours, raving and declaring that he was roasting in a fiery furnace. But his work was done. Now it was for McWilliams to carry it through to conclusion. Fires were started again under the repaired boiler, and fat and oil were mixed with the coal. It seemed as if the engines would kick their way out through the bottom of the ship. They got her up to eight knots, and they held her there, and when she passed the *Gourock* between Fire Island and Sandy Hook, McWilliams ran down from the bridge and carried the chief engineer on deck to see the fun.

Up the bay she clattered, pausing just long enough at quarantine to report no contagious disease and to

be passed by the health officer — October fourth, and one hour and five minutes before midnight. Events followed swiftly: a plunge up to the Statue of Liberty, a tug hurrying alongside in response to continuous whistling, the captain's leap to the deck with his papers in his pocket, a dash for the Battery landing, a hack tearing for the customhouse, a bustling of sleepy clerks, and then Captain McWilliams sighing and lighting a cigar with trembling hands — one minute before midnight, and his entire cargo sworn in. The *Gourock's* skipper came in time to qualify under the new duties of the McKinley Bill.

A cable dispatch to Captain McWilliams the next day announced the gratitude and appreciation of Bolton and Perkins, and when the details of the passage were learned, MacAllister received one himself; and that was all there ever was; but then, what could he expect?

MacAllister is chief engineer on one of the finest transatlantic liners now, where the shaft tunnel is brilliant with electric lights against white walls and tiled flooring — where the sounds ever constitute a grand symphony. Yet, when MacAllister closes his eyes and thinks of that oily, mysterious little tunnel of the *Climax*, he feels that he has lost something. But that is always the way with dreamers.

LAWRENCE PERRY

THE MINER

The coal miner is at a discount in polite society. In the street he is carefully passed by. He is not picturesque. There is nothing attractive about him, from his blackened, dust-covered face and labor-stained garments, and old pick (that actually has a tired look as it droops head crosswise from his left arm) down to his clumsy clogs caked with slime. It is not easy to idealize the miner. He is ungainly, uncultured, often rude in speech, sometimes coarse and cruel to the lowest depth of human degradation. Yet he is not always so coarse as he looks; his life is not without nobility, the nobility of self-sacrifice and true courage; and it is no more devoid of romance than his toil is without peril.

Any day, when he least expects it, that life may come to a grimy ending while he is working in his bank to make your hearth cozy and warm. The American miner is not only capable of splendid self-sacrifice and wondrous tenderness, but he can face death, amid the lonely, ghastly terrors of the pit, as brave as the soldier in the glamour, excitement, and mad rush of battle. Let us hear some stories that prove this truth.

[1] John Anderson, Jr., was a young coal miner of Pennsylvania, who, at the risk of his life, saved forty-eight miners from death.

One day Anderson and two other men were about halfway down the shaft repairing a brattice. They were using naked lamps. The man in charge carried his on his head as he went into the crevice, and the brattice took fire.

There was a pool of water in the bottom of the shaft cage on which the men were standing, but this was not enough to extinguish the fire. Much time was lost in further vain efforts to get the flames under control. When it became apparent that they were bound to spread, the men with Anderson fled for safety.

Not so Anderson. Down the burning shaft he went; through the slopes he dashed, a Paul Revere of the mines, shouting to the men in the seams to flee for their lives. He gathered forty-eight men about him. From the last gang he learned that they had been unable to get up the traveling-way, and that escape by the old shaft had been cut off. Fortunately, he knew the location of a shaft that had lately been sunk, and was thus able to guide his fellow workmen out of the mine.

" It is hard to make any one not acquainted with mining understand how much courage it required

[1] Reprinted, by permission, from the *Century Magazine*.

for young Anderson to do what he did," wrote the manager of the coal companies. "He had to traverse a mile of subterranean workings, notifying one party here, and another there, of the danger above them. He was not certain that he himself could get out alive. Had any of the air currents reversed, and the fumes overtaken him, death would have been certain."

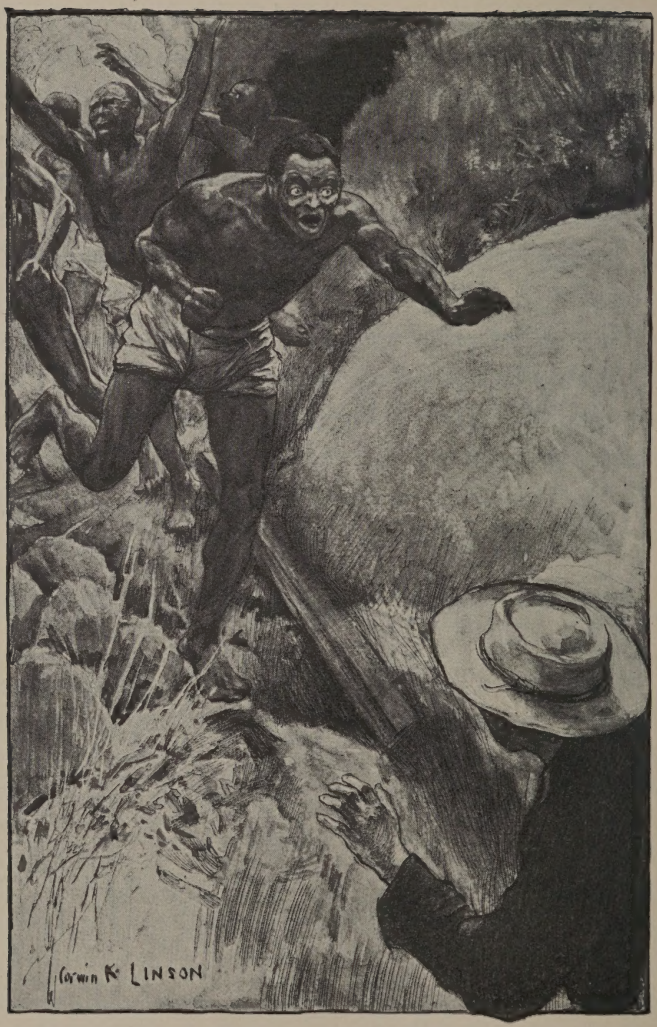
That his heroism undoubtedly saved the forty-eight men whom he led out appears from the fate of three men who disregarded his warning, and of two whom he did not reach. These five were suffocated.

GUSTAV KOBBÉ

[1] Here is a strange and remarkable case of humble heroism in South Africa.

Brown was a football player, a well-knit, muscular fellow, thirty years old, by profession a miner. Brand was a member of the Diamond Fields Horse of South Africa. Both worked in the De Beers mine near Kimberley. On the afternoon of June 5, 1897, there was trouble in the thousand-foot level. Those outside saw shouting, half-naked Kafirs come plunging out of the mouth of the tunnel, wild with terror. Behind them, creeping in a thick, slow-moving and yet irresistible mass, flowed a stream of blue mud.

[1] Reprinted, by permission, from *McClure's Magazine*.



The Kafirs' Escape from the Tunnel

No one knows quite the reason, but sometimes a tunnel in a diamond mine strikes soft earth, and there follows a rush of mud, the greatest terror of the mines. The mud does not burst outward with explosive violence, as water might do, instantly alarming the entire mine; but, a miner having turned his back, it bulges from the tunnel end, flows outward heavily and silently, and when the miner turns again, it is upon him, ready to swallow him up; and thus it fills the tunnel, a thick, viscid, suffocating mass.

Such was the mud rush of June the fifth. After the count had been made of those who had escaped from the tunnel, it was found that two Kafir "boys" were missing. Knowledge as to the place where they had worked made it probable that the mud had caught them without warning; but there was still a bare possibility that they had been able to reach the hundred-yard "rise" or "pass"—that is, a room where the tunnel was much enlarged for the passing of trams. Even though the tunnel was filled with mud, here they might yet find air enough to keep them alive for some hours. But the tunnel mouth was already vomiting the thick, blue ooze. It was filled from roadway to roof. When the flow stopped—and no one could tell when that would be—there was yet a hundred yards of mud to dig away before reaching the rise where the Kafir boys were supposed to be. That would take a long time—so

long, that the two miners were given up for lost, without more ado.

But the rush ceased sooner than was expected, and the manager at once set his men to work digging away the mud. All that afternoon, all night, all the next forenoon, they worked steadily without making any noticeable impression. Late in the afternoon, however, the mud began to fall away a little from the roof of the tunnel. It was presumed that the imprisoned Kafirs were already dead from suffocation, and yet there was one chance in a thousand — the one chance that a hero always takes. This gave Brown and Brand their opportunity.

There was now a space of some dozen inches between the tunnel roof and the top of the stream of mud. Brown proposed crawling in; Brand agreed. Their friends urged them not to risk almost certain death for the sake of two black Kafir boys, for they could not tell at what moment the mud rush would begin again and fill up the tunnel, and they knew how little air there was to breathe, and how probable it was that this little was full of poisonous gases.

But Brown and Brand stepped up, and each with a miner's lamp in his hat crept into the cold, blue ooze. The mud was too thick to permit of swimming and too thin to bear their weight, so they were compelled to struggle along in the most toilsome and exhausting manner. In places where the tunnel

roof was unusually low, they cleared away the mud with their hands and thrust their heads through. Sometimes the space was so narrow that the mud reached up to their noses, and all the while the air became fouler and fouler. Their lamps went out soon after they had entered, and they had no way of relighting them, but crept onward in absolute darkness. From time to time they shouted, and at last, just as they were ready to turn back, for they had become chilled and much exhausted, they heard faint, shouted replies. This gave them new heart, and they pushed onward, finally reaching the rise.

Here they found the Kafir boys, who had now been imprisoned upward of twenty-nine hours, in a condition of almost helpless exhaustion. The return, though the mud stream was now a little lower and there was more room to breathe, was terrible beyond description; for they were compelled not only to force their own bodies through the mud, but to drag the two natives after them. Frequently they stopped in the dark to rest, and sometimes they felt that they could never go on again. At last, however, gasping for breath, they saw the light glimmering in from the tunnel mouth, and shortly afterward friends dragged them out. Every part of their bodies was coated thick with mud; their hair was matted with it; but they had saved the lives of the two Kafirs — white blood for black.

One feels that such heroism as this is belittled with rewards, and yet it is satisfactory to know that the deed of Brown and Brand was appreciated. Not only were they rewarded substantially by the mine manager, but both now wear the silver medals of the Royal Humane Society.

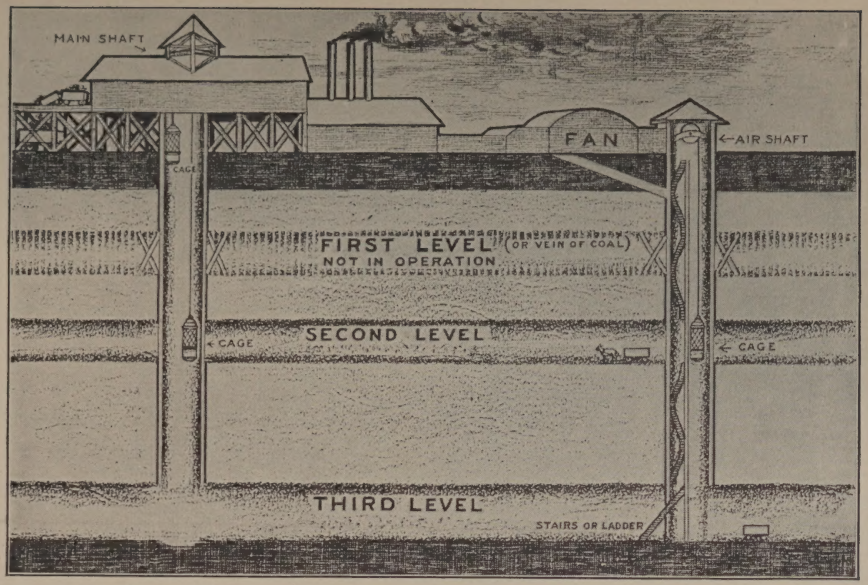
RAY STANNARD BAKER

[1] A recent mining tragedy that wrung the hearts of all Americans was that of the St. Paul mine at Cherry, Illinois. On Saturday, November 13, 1909, a carload of hay in the mine caught fire from a torch. Furthermore, through mismanagement, the mine itself caught and flames were soon seen in the air shaft and the air passage.

There were three veins of coal in the Cherry mine, of which but two were worked. These were the two lower layers, called the second and third veins. About three hundred men worked in the second vein, which lies three hundred and twenty-five feet below the surface of the earth. Two hundred men worked in the third vein, which lies some two hundred feet below the second vein. It was in the second vein that the fire had kindled.

Andrew Lettson, an American boy, was one of the first in the third vein to realize the seriousness of the fire. He sprang up the stairs to the second

[1] Reprinted, by permission, from *McClure's Mag.*



PLAN OF THE ST. PAUL MINE

vein and lifted the trapdoor. Certain men had left their posts and Lettson saw the flames in the air passage and the air shaft almost cutting off his escape. He turned and went deliberately back to the bottom, asked Thomas Hewitt, a mule driver, to go in one direction and warn his father and brother and the men around them, while he, Lettson, went three hundred yards back to the face.

In speaking of this afterward, Lettson, in deprecation of praise, said: "Why, I had my chance; and I thought the rest ought to have the same chance."

When Lettson and Hewitt and their parties returned to the shaft, the men were crowding and fighting wildly in the stifling smoke now surrounding the foot of the third-vein ladder. Hewitt and Brown kept these men in line and started them on their way. Lettson led them into the smoke above, Brown said: "I am getting no signals from above. Better go up the air-shaft stairs." But the air-shaft stairs above the second vein were blazing.

Hewitt, Lettson, and Brown saved the lives of all those in the third vein who escaped that day. Hewitt was the last man to leave the third vein alive. He and those ahead of him urged Brown to follow. But Brown stood quietly at the foot of the shaft in the black stifle and horror around him. "I won't go until every man is out of this mine," he said.

These words, uttered from the heart of a fortitude

that beggars all description, were the last utterance heard rising from the very bottom of the great disaster.

Lettson and Hewitt have no accurate count of the men in their party; there were probably about twelve or fourteen. Above, in the second vein, they entered into smoke and fire. Some men went in one direction, some in another. Oblivious of their own safety, Mr. Walter Waite, Mr. George Eddy, and Mr. Bundy, mine bosses and managers, were all going about in the depths of the second vein, crying warnings: "Go! Go quick!" Through the inclosing darkness and smothering smoke, the men in the second vein, realizing what was happening, were thronging out of the rooms and entries, around the runways to the foot of the main shaft.

When Noverio, a young Italian miner, with Hewitt and Lettson, entered the runway, it was filled with smoke, cars, mules lying down, and men lying on their faces and crying. Tosetti, another Italian, ahead, called back that there was no hope. He, too, lay down and cried. Noverio shouted to the men behind him to keep up their courage and come on. And these men struggled, stifling, running, climbing over dead mules and weeping, prostrate men, till they came out to the main shaft and managed to make the cage and reach the top.

Lettson stood at the turn of the runway, holding

a light to show the way for the others. Another American, Vickers, stood at another turn, holding a light till it went out. Some one gave him another light, and that went out. Then some one else gave him a lantern, just as he was ready to drop, overcome with smoke. He managed to hang this lantern on a nail before he was driven forward by a blast of smoke, to struggle, more dead than alive, along the smoke-filled passageways to the shaft. As he fell fainting against it, some one touched his hand. A voice said, "Take my hand, brother." Some one he could not see dragged him forward; and he knew no more till he was lying under the white light of day aboveground.

Here by this time men, as well as women and children, were running in an agony of apprehension toward the mouth of the shaft.

John Flood, a Scotch dry-goods merchant, the brother of James Flood, dropped his pen in the midst of an order for shoes in Chicago, — an order never to be finished, — and hurried to see whether his brother was safe. Charles Waite and John Smith, brother and brother-in-law of Walter Waite; George Brown, brother of the brave third-vein cager; Peter MacCrudden, with a father in the mine; Dominick Formento, a grocer from Turin; Ike Lewis, a livery-stable keeper; Dr. Liston Howe, the company physician; four Scotch mine workers, Henry Stewart

Andrew McCluky, James Spears, and Robert Clark — all these men ran, in the sunlit afternoon, out of their houses and stores, many of them never to come back again.

Dr. Howe was among the first to reach the shaft, just as Nourberg, the assistant manager of the third vein, who had come up to order the reversal of the fan, entered the cage.

" How are things down there? " he asked.

" Pretty bad," said Nourberg, coolly stepping into the little trap over the smoking funnel. He added that men were fainting in the smoke, and asked Dr. Howe if he would go down to help with them.

Below, the darkness and confusion were so great that Dr. Howe could tell where human beings lay only by kicking and striking something soft. This human body he dragged to the cage and hurled upon it. Nourberg and Bundy, the two mine managers, were working and calling in the darkness. Overhead, the timbers of the mine were burning, and in places might be heard the cracking and the warning of the rock.

As the cages of struggling, stifling men were taken up to the top by Nourberg, Bundy, or Dr. Howe, to be revived, the doctor or one of the others would say, " Come along. Get in." One cage of rescued men to be revived came up as another cage of rescuers went down. All of those men mentioned,

who had run from the town to the shaft, went down into the horror below in the next terrible half-hour, forty minutes, hour, — a length of time like eternity, and immeasurable, now, either from the comparison of the men who survived it or of the terror-stricken women and children at the top.

The descending rescuers dropped straight into the tumultuous blackness and smoke and a hubbub of voices crying in many tongues from all parts of the second vein. At the foot of the shaft, John Zabriski stayed at his post. Charles Waite and James Stewart were seen there, too, giving signals. The rescuers were hallooing into the mine depths, running far down the flaming passageways, and dragging human figures out of an overwhelming blackness resounding with the confusion of the shouts of all the non-English-speaking Lithuanians, Germans, French, Poles, and Italians, who could only struggle forward with inarticulate cries, deaf to all word-of-mouth direction, through the very blindness of catastrophe.

In such sheer splendor as that of these fighters in the fiery mine depths, there can be no greater and no less. Survivors seemed to recall with pre-eminent vividness the great voices and powerful arms of the big Englishmen and Scotchmen, Bundy, Stewart, Spears, Flood, and Clark, and the strength of Nourberg, as they ran and shouted and saved.

But the others could hardly have fallen behind them in power.

Dr. Howe, who came up with Rosenjack and Eddy as the last cage went down, ran to the engine room and frantically urged Cowley, the engineer, to lift the other cage at once. But Cowley did not dare to lift it without a signal from below. The last cage signaled then to hoist slowly — four bells; then one bell — to stop; then two bells — to go down again. Wild, meaningless signals followed. Then came two bells — to go down again. Was the signal out of order? What did it mean? The breathless watchers in the engine house urged Cowley to lift the cage. But his last signal from below was to let it down. The intervals between the cages had not been, since the descents for rescue began, longer than six minutes. After an interval said by some witnesses to have been twelve minutes long, and by other witnesses to have been half an hour long, Cowley lifted the cage, without a signal. It held twelve people. Two of these were poor fellows who had apparently cast themselves in at the moment the cage reached the bottom, men all but unknown in the town, without families, and not identified for weeks afterwards. The others were the ten rescuers, Dominick Formento, Robert Clark, John Bundy, Alexander Nourberg, Henry Stewart, Andrew McCluky, Ike Lewis, James Spears, John Zabriski,

and John Flood. They were all burned alive. They had been dropped into a furnace.

No more lives were flung down the main shaft after that. Both shafts were filled with impenetrable smoke and flame. About eighty men had been rescued. Hope for the two hundred and sixty-three men still in the second vein, hope for the one hundred and sixty men still in the third vein, was abandoned.

It was considered that the single faint chance for the continuance of life below lay in the smothering of the flames. So planks were laid over the mouth of the air shaft, and sand was piled on them to make the lid air tight. Before four o'clock the air shaft was sealed.

Perhaps that hour may best be expressed in the experience of Mrs. Charles Waite, an extremely brave woman, who had seen her husband, a night examiner, at home, just before she left her house, early in the afternoon.

Charles Waite was one of the second-vein rescuers who never came up. His body was found on a road, far from the shaft, where he seemed to have run in rescue; the last tidings of him were that he replied to some one urging him to leave the mine, "I am going to stay with the rest."

"As I came out of the dentist's," said Mrs. Waite, "I saw Mrs. Nourberg walking along the street,

and she was crying. She said, 'Oh, they say there is a terrible fire in the shaft; and they say — they say my man is in it, too.' I said, 'Oh, it could n't be so bad as that.' And then a feeling came over me that maybe my man was in it. I thought, 'Oh, God! Surely he would n't go down in the fire.' Then I could hardly hold myself till I ran to the shaft. When I got there, I went back and forth to one and another and asked them had they seen my husband. And no one had seen him.

"And just then I saw that they had closed up the air shaft. Oh, no one could know how terrible it was there, then, among those mothers and children. No one could know what it was except those mothers and children there."

On the afternoon of the disaster, Walter Waite and George Eddy had both gone so far into the recesses of the mine, warning others, that at last they found they could not make the shaft. The parties met, and were led by Mr. Waite and Mr. Eddy along the last feasible road to the main shaft. The air grew heavier and heavier as they walked. Then Mr. Waite and Mr. Eddy, who were in advance, saw three mules drop dead just ahead of them.

Mr. Waite turned and said quietly to Mr. Eddy, "We are caught like rats in a trap. But there is no need to tell the boys about seeing the mules." He

directed the men back to the passage from which they had come, which seemed to have fresher air, and sat down and lighted a pipe and smoked. Some of the others smoked, too, reassured by his coolness. They were nineteen in number, including English, French, Germans, Italians, Scotchmen, Americans, Poles, and Lithuanians.

Mr. Waite seems to have been from that time the natural leader. He is a small, delicately built man, with the deep hazel eyes of a religious enthusiast. He is a fervent Presbyterian, a mine boss, and an Englishman, born in the Forest of Dean and brought up in Illinois, where he has mined soft coal for twenty years.

While this party sat smoking in the passage where there was fresher air, they heard cries near; and Mr. Eddy went out and dragged in two more men, White and Lorimer, almost overcome with black damp.

These men said they had almost reached the main shaft. It was a furnace. On the road by which they had tried to reach it, they had seen ahead of them a father and his boy of eighteen, lying dead in each other's arms.

In this place of fresher air, on the insistence of Mr. Waite and Mr. Eddy, these twenty-one people stayed till the following afternoon, which was Sunday. The air grew worse and worse; the men's desperation greater and greater.

Lasti, an Italian from Bologna, by Sunday morning was frantic. He seized his miner's pail of heavy tin, crushed it furiously in his hands into a ball, flung it from him on the rock, and trampled on it. "I never use you in this shaft any more, nor in any other!" he called, in a passionate outcry. The others laughed at him.

In the afternoon, a Frenchman, Leopold Dumont, said they would die if they stayed longer, and broke away. The black damp began to surge in more heavily soon afterward; and they all started out, directed by Mr. Waite, who came last with an old Lithuanian, Dan Holafethek, in a serious condition of exhaustion. Within a few minutes Dumont returned to them. He was stifling then, nearly dying. The effort of accompanying the rest back through the bad air he had encountered, to a refuge for which Mr. Waite was steering, beyond the difficult passage, was too much for the poor Frenchman. He drew his last breath; and the others were obliged to leave him dead on the way.

In the less choking atmosphere they reached beyond, Walter Waite said they would build a barrier to keep in the air they had found. The twenty men in a passage about thirty-five hundred feet from the main shaft, in the second west entry, sealed themselves into a prison about five hundred feet long, nine feet wide, and five feet high.

It had previously been supposed that no man could live in air so full of black damp as to quench the light of an oil lamp. Now, on this Sunday afternoon, even inside the barrier all but the carbide lights had gone out.

"After that," said George Eddy, in his story of their imprisonment, "we knew that all there was to do was to die there. You know, they say black damp does n't cause any suffering. We thought we would just go to sleep there." All the men wrote letters to their families.

Here is George Eddy's letter:

Nov. 14.

Dear Wife and Children:

I write these few lines to you and I think it will be for the last time. I have tried to get out twice, but was driven back. There seems to be no hope for us. I came down the shaft yesterday to help to save the men's lives. I hope the men I got out were saved. Well, Lizzie, if I am found dead take me to bury me in Streator and move back. Keep Esther and Jenny and Clarence together as much as you can. I hope they will not forget their father, so I will bid you all good-by, and God bless you all.

GEORGE EDDY

Not long after the letters were written, Mr. Waite said they would have a little service for Dumont. The Protestants would have their service. Perhaps the Catholics would have their service. Then the English, Scotch, and Americans gathered together, and Mr. Waite prayed for their dead companion,

and offered a prayer for safety. The Catholics gathered together and said the Pater Noster.

Then Mr. Waite raised his voice and all sang "Rock of Ages":

> "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee!
> Let the water and the blood,
> From Thy riven side which flowed,
> Be of sin the double cure —
> Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
> Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee."

No one knew more than the first verse, but they all joined in. The Catholics did not know the song at all. "But all joined in; it made no matter," said Mr. Lasti. After that they all sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and then whatever any one knew — "choruses and anything; any little thing would do."

"Nobody knew anything all the way through," said Mr. Eddy, afterward, with a slow smile.

As long as they could see each other at all, it was not so bad. But the carbide lights went out on Tuesday, and then the darkness was complete. All but Walter Waite gave up hope. At intervals, he would call each of the men by name: "Are you asleep? How are you feeling? How are you getting along?"

The youngest of them, a boy of eighteen, poor Josep Bolfiliola, wept constantly, and Waite could

not console him. Josep's older brother, a driver, had run off and left him in the fire; and Josep moaned, night and day, partly in grief at this brother's desertion, and partly in longing for him.

A Lithuanian, Brohaski, unless report from the darkness be in error, whistled constantly to cheer himself. He was a young man with a wife and two

FATHERLESS CHILDREN WAITING FOR LUNCH AT THE STATION OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY

children. "He called them his 'kilder,'" said Mr. Lasti. "The Slavs, they never speak at all. They have no tongue. They do not know a word of Italian language." Brohaski's whistling jarred every one's nerves. "Every one called out to him, 'Hi, you fool! You can stop that!'" Here, as Mr. Lasti's anecdote seemed to end suddenly, one might have supposed Brohaski had been suppressed.

"Did he stop?" I asked, after a pause.

"No, no," replied Mr. Lasti, laughing, "not a bit."

Such was the discipline of the twenty men locked in the depths of the earth.

On the other hand, an Englishman attempted to break down the barrier and escape. If he had been successful, his effort would have killed himself and every one else with a rush of black damp. And it is said the leaders choked him till he nearly strangled, in restraining him.

The only food of the twenty was a little lard oil, some of the oil known as "miner's sunshine," and the tobacco they happened to have in their pockets. Black damp deadens hunger for some constitutions. Consequently, a few of the men hardly suffered at all from starvation. Others suffered torments. Mr. Waite had not yet eaten his dinner when the fire broke out, so he was a meal behind the others, and suffered proportionately. He endured agonies.

One day he told them casually that he wished he had a bunch of bananas he had eaten once in Chicago. Everybody instantly begged him not to talk of them. But it was a favorite story of Mr. Waite's, and he went on to tell how he had heard an Italian vender calling, "Bananas, ten cents a dozen." He gave the Italian ten cents, and the man counted the fruit into the bag — "Two, four, six, ten, twelve." When Mr. Waite opened the bag there were only ten bananas,

but he ate them all. At this, every one groaned again and begged him not to mention the ten bananas.

Mr. Waite smiled the gentlest, most humorous smile in the world as he told me this — certainly a remarkable instance of masculine resolution in telling a favorite story even in the very jaws of death.

The twenty suffered not only from hunger, but from the severe cold. At what they called night — they determined the time by feeling the hands of their watches — the men slept in three groups, each group curled up together, for warmth.

But the party's worst torture was thirst. After the first day, the men were put to the most terrible shifts for water. Mr. Waite, groping around the passage, found in some places a little seepage from the walls. He directed the men to hollow out cups in the ground. Five of these cups were dug. They collected less than half a pint apiece in twelve hours. The men took turns in drinking the seepage, though it was filled with fine particles of coal dust and almost strangled them as they swallowed it.

Then an ugly thing happened. Several men went, in their right turn to their appointed cups, to find the hollows of the cups licked dry. In the concealing blackness, some one among the twenty had been stealing the seepage.

At the second turn, after his cup had been surreptitiously emptied, George Eddy, too weak to do more

than creep, crawled to his drinking place. The thief was lying there before him. It was one of the Lithuanians. Eddy came up silently behind him. "If I'd had a knife," he said to the man, "I'd have stuck it into you."

After that the man was guarded, and restricted to his fair share.

Toward Friday there was more and more despair. Even Mr. Waite, though he never lost hope, thought of cave-ins. And in one place in the diary his wife showed me, courageous, religious, exalted in tone though it is, he says his heart is breaking.

By placing his hand at the barrier, he could feel the air and know when the main shaft was sealed and unsealed. He constantly buoyed the others by telling them that he knew those above were trying to save them. He would say to them, "We are better off than those on top; for we know we are alive, and they don't know it." And, "Don't give up. We are going to give those people up there the very biggest surprise they ever had, yet."

On Saturday morning, when four of the men could barely crawl, Mr. Waite felt fresh air at the barrier. He asked for four volunteers to go out for water, and to test the air for others as they went, turning back instantly if they felt themselves at all overcome. A second relay of four were to follow the first quartet of men, and were to run forward and

drag them back behind the barrier if the black damp made them faint. Mr. Waite, old Holafethek, and the sickest men remained just outside the hole for egress in the barrier. When the first four reached a certain entry, if the air was good and they felt that the hope of safety lay ahead of them, they were to whistle twice.

Beside the barrier Waite, Holafethek, and the rest stood waiting for an interminable time. Then, through the dark, sounded two whistles.

The men at the barrier, wild with joy, cheered back to their comrades. Some of them started to creep along the passage. They were all still in an atmosphere that would have instantly killed men entering from fresh air. Time had inured their lungs to the lack of oxygen. Three hours after the first four had left the barrier, Waite suddenly saw ahead two little lights coming.

The lights came nearer. They belonged to the men with the oxygen helmets. Waite and his party were saved.

But there is one mute superiority in the conduct of the twenty that is like a classic touch of nobility and must not go unrecorded. None of them has ever told the name of the man who took the drinking water.

The fortitude of those who fought for the lives of their fellow creatures, in the flaming depths of the

earth, surpasses the splendor of conquerors in battle on land or sea. For the mine rescuers fought in a passion of unconscious sympathy and responsibility so much more gripping and abiding than all longing for conquest or glory as to thrill the mind with the sense of a new magnificence in mortal aims and powers.

Six months ago, many a person driving through the town of Cherry, would have passed undreaming of the force and pride of life in its dumb houses and cindery streets and alleys. But out of these dumb houses arose human beings who have cried around the world the power of fortitude and of fraternity.

EDITH WYATT